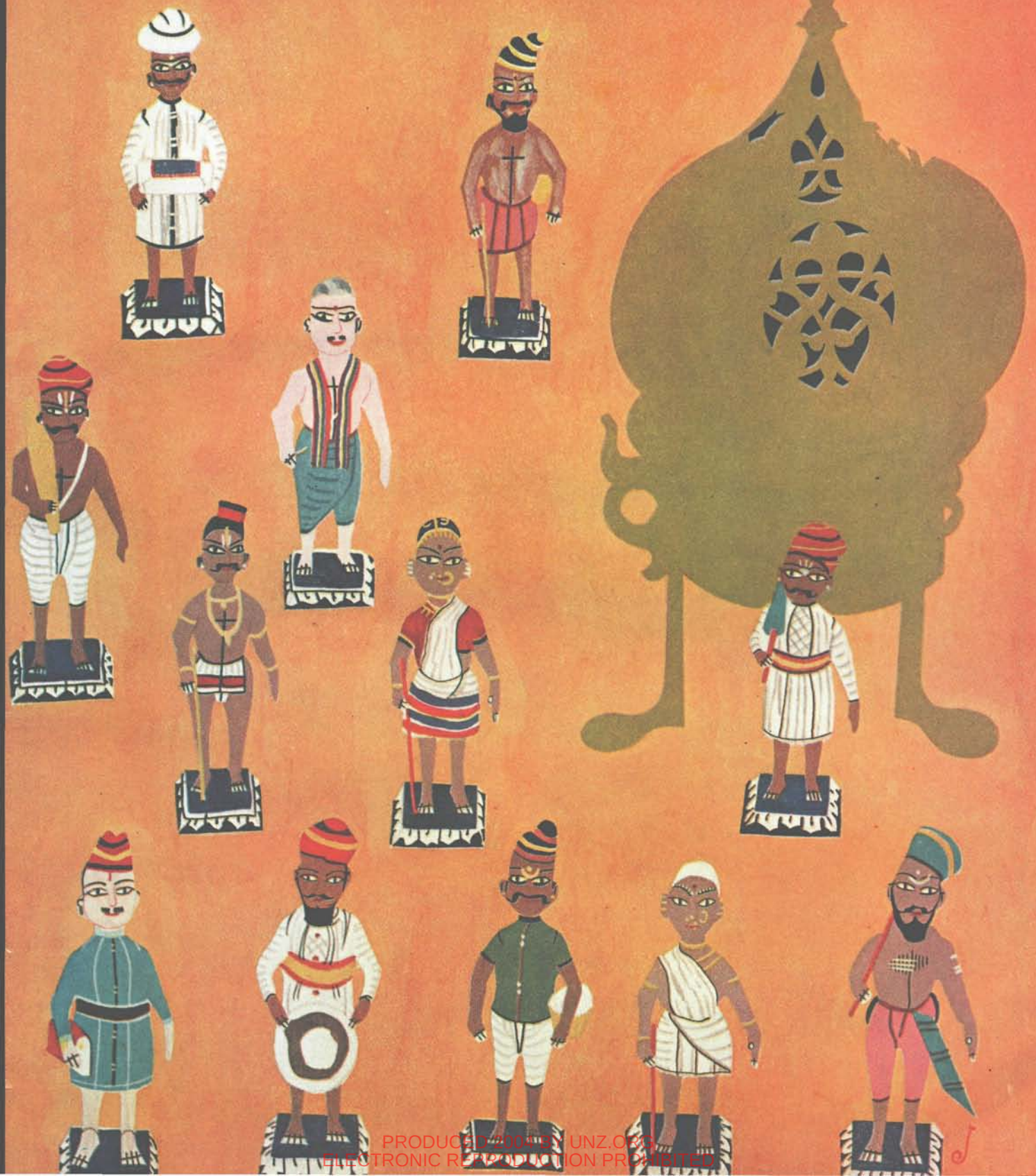
Principles for a Formosa Settlement

October 16, 1958 25¢

India and Its Communists (page 28)

THE REPORTER



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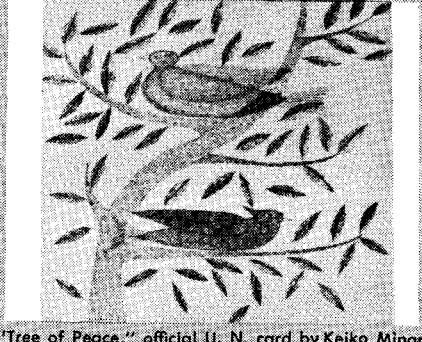

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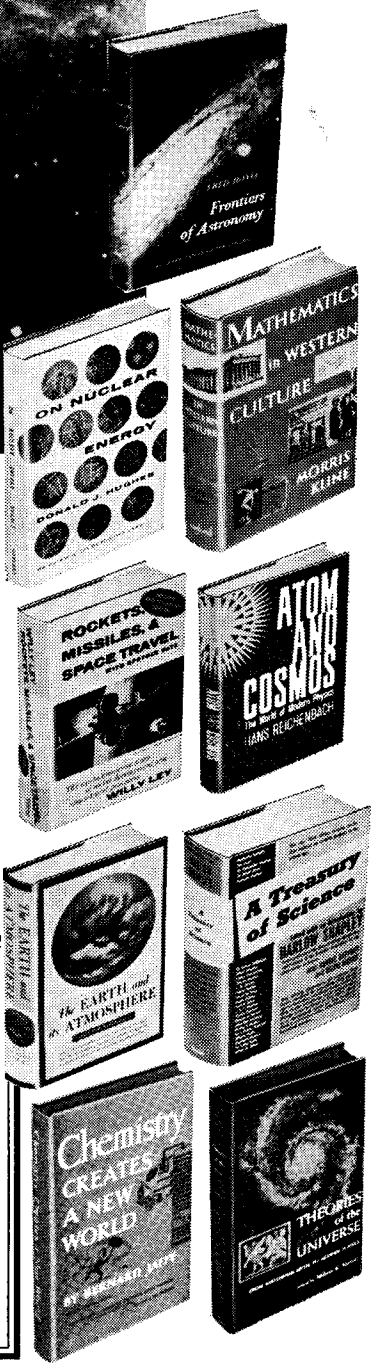

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Welcome Back

It gets to be a pretty tiresome business, all this keeping track of the Vice-President's growth and maturity. In the beginning Mr. Nixon's progress was charted in simple terms of physical growth. "As far as I am concerned," said General Eisenhower following Senator Nixon's televised explanation of his campaign fund in 1952, "he stands higher than ever before." The *Herald Tribune* prophesied the next day that "Senator Nixon will emerge from this ordeal, we believe, not only as a better known but as a bigger man than before . . ." There never seems to have been any question in the minds of his admirers that Mr. Nixon's stature left room for improvement.

Like any growing youth, however, Mr. Nixon seemed to reach his full height before he achieved real "maturity." Stature and all, the Vice-President's campaign oratory in the 1954 Congressional elections was remarkable for its intemperance. "When the Eisenhower Administration came to Washington on January 20, 1953, we found in the files a blueprint for socializing America," he announced to a California audience in October, 1954. "This dangerous, well-oiled scheme contained plans for adding forty billion dollars to the national debt by 1956. It called for socialized medicine, socialized housing, socialized agriculture, socialized water and power, and perhaps most disturbing of all, socialization of America's greatest source of power, atomic energy." In Cheyenne, Wyoming, he called attention to "the most sinister development of the campaign to date." Communist party members and "the left-wing clique of Americans for Democratic Action have joined forces."

By 1956, two years after that Congressional campaign, the glad tidings came from a number of columnists that the new Mr. Nixon had finally "matured." And he was reported by spring of 1958 to be sorry for his irresponsible conduct in previous campaigns. He was, we were assured, no longer a child of forty-one but a man of forty-five.

THEN a few weeks ago came Mr. Nixon's fulmination against the "patent and deliberate effort" of an unknown State Department subordinate to "sabotage" our Far Eastern policy. Two days later the Vice-President addressed the Republicans of Indianapolis on the forthcoming Congressional elections. "By electing more of the radical A.D.A.-type Democrats to the House and Senate you can be sure that a flood of bills will be introduced with the object of moving toward the nationalization of health, housing, power, farming and other American institutions." He foresaw a "wild spending binge by radical Democrats, drunk with visions of votes and not pink but dead elephants."

It had a familiar ring, all right, but we were, in fact, more taken with another statement made by the new Mr. Nixon. According to the New York *Times*, he said that "some Republicans had urged him to 'do as little as possible in this campaign to avoid being associated with a losing cause.' But he said he rejected this counsel 'because I can think of nothing more contemptible than running from a fight when things are tough.'"

There was something naggingly reminiscent about this statement—the unnamed advisers who urged caution and expediency, the recklessly honest course taken despite their advice, with disregard for political gain. "If your candidate should get up in front of a meeting," Mr. Nixon's old mentor Murray Chotiner told the Republican Campaign School in 1955, "and say, 'I have been told that I must not talk about this subject, but I am going to tell the people of our state just exactly what is going on,' you will be amazed at what happens. . . . And I remember in case after case Dick Nixon told audiences, 'I have been advised not to talk about Communism; but I am going to tell the people of California the truth. . . .'"

At the time the new Nixon was announced, we felt that we were from Missouri. Now we know what's new, and we welcome the old Nixon back. After all, we're used to him, like an old pair of slippers.

PAY DIRT

"Joseph Harris, who was 100 years old yesterday, happily and emphatically asserted that his longevity was not a result of 'clean living.'"—New York Times

A hundred thank-yous, gaffer dear,
For such a testament of cheer.
Those who live long by living clean
May, we suspect, be living mean,
And living high is living sage
If sinners can attain your age.

—SEC

The Law's Delays

In the whirl of momentous events here and abroad, little attention was paid to a recent action of the Justice Department which proves that stones can still be worn away by drops of water. Ten years after the Independent Socialist League first requested a hearing to protest its inclusion on the department's list of subversive organizations, it was quietly dropped from that famous roster. Acting Assistant Attorney General J. Walter Yeagley sent a casual note to its counsel, Joseph L. Rauh, explaining that in the opinion of the Attorney General, the evidence originally adduced against the organization did not meet "the strict standards of proof which should guide the determination of proceedings of this character."

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In the decade during which Mr. Rauh and the Workers Defense League, which also interested itself in the case, had advanced this same simple argument through an endless round of proceedings, delays, postponements, and fresh starts, the members of the Independent Socialist League enjoyed at best only second-class citizenship. Those who were aliens could have been subject to deportation proceedings on the basis of membership. Others could have been barred from employment in government and defense plants. Until recently, they were at a disadvantage in applying for passports. All this on the basis of what the Justice Department now concedes was substandard evidence.

There is every reason to believe that the Attorney General would have gone right on in this dilatory way if Mr. Rauh had not shown an inclination to take the case into court even without a final ruling from the Justice Department.

It should be noticed that the Department of Justice, by clearing one rather insignificant group, has thus managed to keep its precious list sheltered from judicial control.

Interim Report

The following report on the French situation after the constitutional referendum has been cabled from Paris by our European correspondent, Edmond Taylor.

THE BASIC political decisions—concerning Algeria, the electoral law, and the formation of a new Gaullist party—that will set the pattern of the November elections are still largely in suspense though probably imminent. The game of guessing de Gaulle's intentions therefore continues. It is now possible, however, to make a slightly more educated guess.

As to Algeria, de Gaulle himself, in his Constantine speech of October 3, has formulated a gigantic five-year program for economic upsurge and social reform so designed that in all respects—in the army, in the schools, and in the enjoyment of civil rights—the Algerians may enjoy to the fullest all the opportunities of French citizenship. This might satisfy the integrationists were it not

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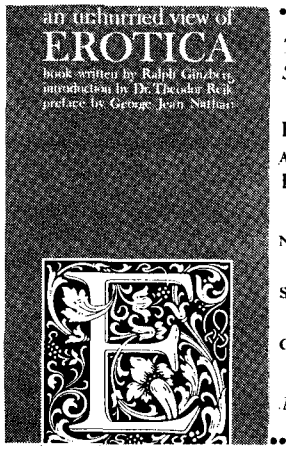
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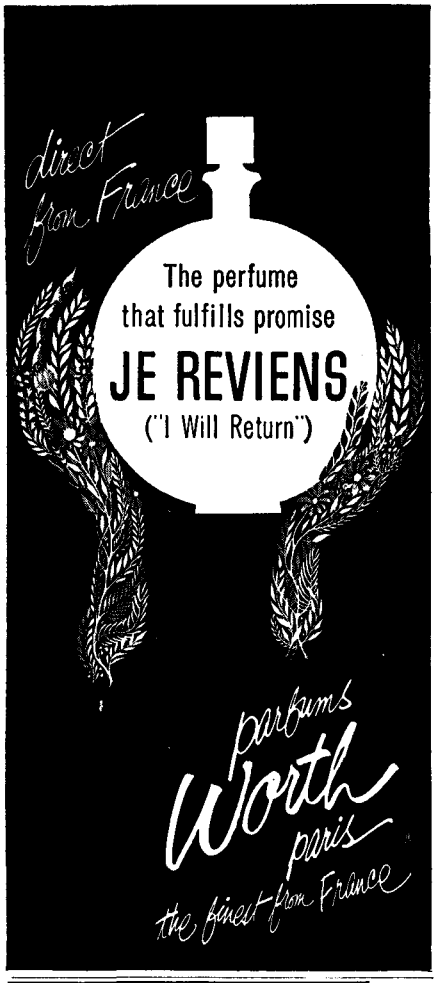

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that de Gaulle unquestionably meant every word he said and recognizes the fact that Algeria is an entity, distinct though united with that larger entity which is France. This recognition is not going to sit so well with the all-out integrationists, but it scarcely offers any justification for a new army insurrection.

De Gaulle can now be counted on to act vigorously to restore discipline in the army. No spectacular sanctions are likely, but officers up to and including General Salan who have been overactive politically will rapidly be shifted to less strategic jobs, with the blow sometimes softened by nominal promotions. Salan was offered Madagascar but is said to have refused. The word now is that he will be named inspector general of the French Army—a post that has no command powers.

AS TO THE electoral law, which is presently the subject of a fierce fight in the cabinet, de Gaulle seems definitely opposed to any formula which would upset the balance of forces that led to his triumph in the referendum. Going against the right-wing Gaullists, the general, according to authoritative reports, is more than ever convinced of the need for a strong Socialist Party.

Minister of Information Jacques Soustelle, Minister of Justice Michel Debré, and others are trying to convince the general that the landslide reflects mainly the electorate's desire for a clean break with the past and that it is therefore necessary to get rid of the old parties. Socialists and Popular Republicans deny that the nation is in a revolutionary mood and attribute the landslide vote to confidence in de Gaulle and a desire for security. There is evidence to support both positions. My own view is that the referendum did reveal that a considerable number of people felt that it was "time for a change"—though not for a revolution.

At Soustelle's instigation, various Gaullist groups and committees set up since the Algerian uprising of May 13 are negotiating the establishment of a more or less centralized federation to arbitrate the claims of rival Gaullist candidates in the election, give official endorsement to approved candidates, and arrange alliances with other right-wing groups. If the country's mood is really revolutionary, the new Gaullist bloc, with the help of conservative allies like Georges Bidault and Roger Duchet, could win a sweeping victory in November. De Gaulle is said to be unhappy about this trend and will probably forbid the use of the Gaullist label by self-styled Gaullist candidates. Although it would be awkward for him to take a public position against his own long-time followers, he can and probably will maneuver behind the scenes to limit the scope of the proposed Gaullist federation or coordinating committee and discourage extreme centralization — especially with Soustelle at the helm.

Although it is clear that there was a massive defection of Communist voters in the referendum, it does not necessarily follow that left-wing voters will desert Communist candidates in the November elections. By the same token, non-Communist opponents of the constitution like Mendès-France are by no means finished. Before the referendum there was a strong inclination inside the government to outlaw Communists, but now it seems to have been replaced by a disposition to wage a political offensive against them, with the Socialists as a spearhead.

The fact that the Gaullist régime has been made entirely legitimate by popular suffrage is particularly important in assuring the loyalty of the army and civil service. It also guarantees in advance the legitimacy of de Gaulle's eventual election as president by an electoral college whose authority the Left would otherwise dispute.

WHILE the French go on arguing among themselves on a number of important issues, there can be no doubt that de Gaulle has brought about a basic national unity such as France has not known for a long time.

Letter to the President

James Warburg, that inveterate and fearless one-man campaigner on issues of foreign policy, has once more shown his wisdom in a letter to the President published in a number of newspapers; we are glad to reproduce it on the opposite page.

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CALL CONGRESS AT ONCE MR. PRESIDENT!

Mr. President:

The United States now finds itself in a position in which it can at any moment be committed to an utterly insane and disastrous war by a single rash act on the part of either faction in a Chinese civil conflict.

We consider this an intolerable situation.

Without arguing the merits or defects of our past bipartisan policy with respect to the Nationalist-Communist struggle in China, we point out two facts:

1. Our policy has been and is at variance with that of our major anti-Communist allies and inconsistent with both government and popular opinion in practically all of the crucially important uncommitted nations.

2. Our policy has remained static and inflexible throughout a decade in which profound changes have taken place and during which China—ten years ago a weak, strife-torn and impoverished nation—has emerged into a highly organized, powerful state comprising one-quarter of the world's population.

We profoundly regret that this change has come about under a ruthless Communist dictatorship, but our regret cannot alter the facts.

We emphasize that the radically modified circumstances have brought about no change whatever in a policy based upon the contention that the exiled Nationalist regime at Taipei is still the legitimate government of China and upon the hope of its restoration to power on the mainland.

We point out further that Chiang Kai-shek, to whom we are at present committed, rejects any and all settlements which would neutralize either the offshore islands or Taiwan itself; and that our commitment to support his position renders it impossible for us to come to any sort of peaceable settlement with the Chinese People's Republic.

It seems evident that a continuation of our present policy can lead only to a war in which the United States will have few if any effective allies, or to the indefinite protraction of a state of affairs in which the United States can at any moment be plunged into such a war by an act or decision other than its own. We are not persuaded that there is no alternative to this policy except "appeasement" or surrender.

We therefore feel justified in demanding that the whole of our China policy and all questions incident to our involvement in the Chinese civil conflict be laid before our elected representatives in the Congress, in whom the Constitution vests the power to decide upon war or peace.

We feel that the American people owe it to themselves and to humanity to decide upon their course by the democratic process, rather than leaving the decision of life or death either to their own Executive or to the unpredictable actions of one faction or another in a quarrel within a foreign country.

We urgently request that you call the Congress into immediate session.

SIGN HERE:

Public protest by the undersigned against the present United States policy in the Far East has elicited a nation-wide response asking for constructive leadership. The foregoing message to the President is offered as a suggestion.

THOSE WHO AGREE WITH THIS MESSAGE CAN:

1. Clip out this advertisement, sign it and obtain other signatures, sending it either to the President or, better yet, to the President and to their two Senators and their Representative.

2. Form a group to run a similar advertisement in other newspapers.

3. Make whatever financial contribution they wish toward the further dissemination of this messsage.

JAMES P. WARBURG

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CORRESPONDENCE

FROM WASHINGTON

To the Editor: Congratulations on your editorial "Central High and Quemoy" (*The Reporter*, September 18). It is indeed strange that areas whose representatives in Congress are loudest in their condemnation of foreign-policy "drift" and "indecision" will themselves make a major contribution to American reverses abroad by an intransigent attitude on civil rights. Little Rock is certainly a case in point. I am firmly convinced that no other single aspect of American life has more persuasive effect upon the ideological direction to be taken by the one billion people largely in the underdeveloped areas of the free world whose skins are yellow or black than our domestic civil-rights struggle. Sacrifice to the common cause of freedom is not alone needed in treasure and service, but also in moderating some deeply held social ideas.

JACOB K. JAVITS
U. S. Senate

To the Editor: Please express to John Van Camp my hearty congratulations on the excellent job he has done in writing "What Happened to the Labor-Reform Bill?" (*The Reporter*, October 2). For one who obviously could not know all that was transpiring underneath the surface he has made a remarkably illuminating presentation.

IRVING M. IVES
U. S. Senate

To the Editor: The article by E. W. Kenworthy ("The Profits and Losses of a Banker in Politics," *The Reporter*, September 18) was very flattering, and I will try my best to live up to it.

DOUGLAS DILLON
Under Secretary of State
for Economic Affairs
Washington

OUR MORES OF INTERMENT

To the Editor: I was intrigued by Paul Jacobs's "The Most Cheerful Graveyard in the World" (*The Reporter*, September 18). However, there is one further "advantage" that should be mentioned, namely that one need never fear having to rub bones with anyone other than a Caucasian—at least so they told me.

We are proud to number among our friends a very fine Chinese family. The husband has been a professor and department head in a local university for many years. The family is highly respected and has a city-wide reputation.

Some years ago, tragedy struck in the sudden and unexpected death of one of this couple's two college-age daughters. The stricken parents delegated funeral arrangements to a friend, and asked that the girl be laid to rest in Forest Lawn.

Arrangements were going along satisfactorily until it was learned that they were Chinese. Everything stopped right there.

Stunned, I wrote Forest Lawn protesting their stand, and their reply included the following: "[Forest Lawn] is restricted to the white or Caucasian race. There are over 120,000 people interred in F. L. and our legal advice is that the only way this restriction can be lifted would be to secure the consent of not only the owners of all such property, but all their heirs, which as you may surmise is an impossible job. If we do not continue to enforce the restriction, we could be sued by any owner and his heirs. . . . Our attorneys tell us that it is very doubtful if the U. S. Supreme Court could protect F. L. against such suits. *Validity of Contract must be preserved.*"

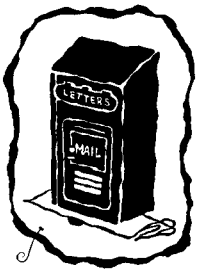
No further comment is necessary.

May I add that my ancestry is Anglo-Saxon and my skin is what is called "white."

MABEL E. LEGER
Los Angeles

To the Editor: *The Reporter* and Mr. Jacobs are to be most heartily commended for performing a real public service. The ghastly practices related in this article need to be widely disseminated. The more such articles we have, the more it is to be hoped that the public will begin to sense the barbaric nature of the practices followed all too often.

So long as our more orthodox churches continue to teach the kind of doctrine of immortality they do, so long will it



be possible for undertakers to capitalize upon the emotions of the relatives of the deceased. It would seem, therefore, that we cannot place all the blame for such distressing practices upon the undertakers.

Once the doctrinal teachings of certain churches are brought into harmony with our contemporary knowledge concerning man's natural destiny, the appeal of the sort of practices revealed in this article will be considerably reduced.

REV. KENNETH C. WALKER
Unitarian Church
Bloomington, Illinois

NUCLEAR AGGRESSION

To the Editor: Thank you for bringing us the remorseless logic of General Pierre M. Gallois ("Nuclear Aggression and National Suicide," *The Reporter*, September 18).

A further consequence of his observations may escape the casual reader. In the coming missile age the defender—provided he does indeed disperse, conceal, and protect his retaliatory missiles—has no need of the traditional home defenses. Thus not only will our present overblown continental defense forces become useless, but the gigantic Army and Air Force anti-missile empires now contending to be born can be erected only as monuments to muddleheadedness, avarice, lust for power, and demagogy (What, not defend our citizens?).

From the tens of billions these new home-defense empires would absorb we could readily create conventional armed forces adequate, as General Gallois puts it, to "make even minor aggression so serious a matter that the risk of its developing into atomic warfare would be clear to all concerned."

But before we assume the imminence of this Utopia, could you first report to us whether our Defense Department in fact plans (or has even the objective) to achieve the degree of missile dispersal and protection required for safety? Press indications of concepts and plans suggest a complacent satisfaction with missile systems concentrated at a very few locations, unconcealed and dubiously protected.

STUART B. BARBER
Arlington, Virginia

To the Editor: General Gallois' lucid article is an excellent example of a completely logical argument based on correct premises. Yet he may still be wrong, for sound reasoning and truthfull assumptions are only necessary, and not sufficient, conditions for a correct conclusion. Premises must not only be right—they must be complete.

Two unmentioned though relevant premises might change the author's conclusions radically.

The obvious one is error. That error is possible is admitted by both our own scientists and the Soviet's in their feverish search for better detection techniques and equipment. From spotting a "missile" which is a meteor, to following a mistaken order, only one link in the detection-retaliation chain need be broken for making an "impossible" war very possible.

The other missing premise was crowded out by the assumption that if "great nations" cannot afford use of the bomb, nuclear war would be unthinkable for lesser states. Yet this may not be so, given a country with the following qualifications: populous, decentralized, large, and, most important, having a standard of living low enough to view post-atomic destruction not as an absolute, unimaginable horror (as we do), but relative to disease and starvation as "one more terrible affliction."

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For such a nation, a little effort will make nuclear war thinkable.

Not only thinkable but already thought of: "Destroy a third of us, and there will still be 400 million left to fight," is a paraphrase of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. His nation also happens to fit all the qualifications mentioned. Perhaps that's why the People's Republic of China finds it so difficult to obtain nuclear aid from its northern neighbor. Of the two great nations that cannot afford a nuclear war, I wonder which has more to fear from China—a nation that can.

Except for these omissions, General Gallois' essay was a complete one. It was well worth reading, for it roused thought and informed, and what more can any short piece do?

ANDREW FRISCH
New York

ART CRITIC SEVAREID

To the Editor: Perceptive and sensitive Eric Sevareid showed an unusual lapse in his comments on the American art at the Venice Biennale in the September 18 issue of *The Reporter*. He is entitled to his dislike of abstract painting, but as a reporter it is unexpected to find some of the remarks which he permits himself: "It's a joke," "Modern painters get by with murder," etc.

As for the exhibition being a joke, it is worth noting that the top international prize for painting was won by Mark Tobey, one of the two Americans whose work was shown. This prize was awarded by the thirty commissioners representing the various nations invited and four prominent Italians.

Mr. Sevareid may feel justified in classifying himself as an art critic; even so, he might want to let the comments of other critics qualify his dogmatism about "smears and blobs." In the New York *Times*, June 29, 1958, Stuart Preston calls the American Pavilion "a source of justifiable pride"; he describes the artists represented as "excellent choices, as in their different ways they all subscribe with force and originality to today's principal aesthetic theories." In the *Herald Tribune*, June 19, 1958, Yvonne Hagen describes the choice of the artists as "a happy one," with the work of Mark Rothko described as "a point of interest to critics, dealers and artists from every country." Of Mark Tobey's paintings, the same critic states that "their strongly poetic tenor and originality have helped to boost American prestige abroad."

I have inquired of our representative at the pavilion in regard to comparative figures on attendance. Unfortunately no figures are kept at the various pavilions, but I have been told that attendance at the U. S. Pavilion was roughly the same as at the others. This hardly squares with Mr. Sevareid's comment that the U.S. Pavilion is "the most deserted exhibit at the Park."

AUGUST HECKSCHER, Chairman
The International Council
at the Museum of Modern Art
New York

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June 28, 1958

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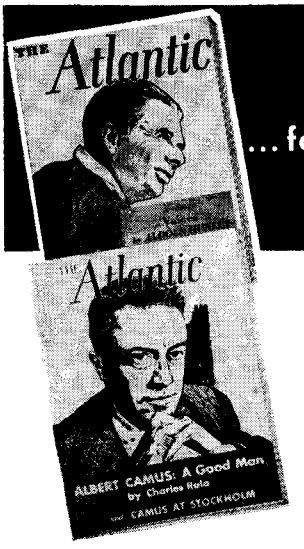

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

RECENTLY there have been many shifts of position on the question of the offshore islands, and the shiftiest of them all, of course, has been Secretary Dulles's. Frankly we must admit that we share Chiang Kai-shek's bewilderment and are even sorry for him. The Newport declaration, on September 4, declared that: "The United States . . . is authorized . . . to employ the armed forces of the United States for the securing and protecting of related positions such as Quemoy and Matsu." Not satisfied with the statement he had just given the President to sign, Mr. Dulles, briefing an attentive world in his capacity as a "high official," felt the need to add, "we would not, probably, wait until the situation was *in extremis*." Then in his September 30 press conference, Mr. Dulles turns out to be supremely uninterested in these islands, proclaims that the United States is not committed to defend them, and considers "rather foolish" the fact that such a large part of Chiang's forces has been concentrated on them.

On this most vital topic, *The Reporter's* attitude has been distressingly consistent—probably because of our lack of imagination. Evidence of this consistency lies in the excerpts from **Max Ascoli's** editorials and *Reporter's* Notes that appear in this issue. What for a number of years he has thought should have been done has remained undone. He has reached the conclusion that the analysis of yesterday is fully valid today.

MANY of our readers will remember **William Lee Miller's** "Piety Along the Potomac" (*The Reporter*, August 17, 1954), and will be glad to know that Mr. Miller, who is also Professor Miller at the Yale Theological Seminary, has rejoined us as a staff writer. The subject of his present article is one that he has studied for a long time. The popular tendency he describes of searching for leaders characterized by "aboveness" is certainly not restricted to our country. The French, too, have overwhelmingly endorsed a general who is above politics. As to which of the two peoples, we or the French, has been the luckier, that is a question we leave to divines of future generations.

There is no need, however, to wait for any revelation from either experts or divines to validate the conclusions reached by **Robert Bendiner,** our contributing editor. The New York gubernatorial campaign will probably be greatly affected by the recent clash at the Buffalo convention between the professional and the spasmodic politicians. It would seem that the professional politicians really deserve their bad name: they know politics thoroughly.

In all the talk about Communism and the Asian peoples, one country certainly deserves to be watched more carefully than any other: India. **Gordon Shepherd,** staff correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph,* and the first western journalist to penetrate the Indian "inner line" since the Chinese invasion of Tibet, has been studying at first hand the Communist techniques.

James D. Lunt, a British army officer, served for three years with the Bedouin Arabs of the Arab Legion and gave up his command only a few months before the King of Jordan dismissed Glubb Pasha.

Lois Phillips Hudson has contributed several stories to *The Reporter* about her childhood on Midwestern farms. . . . Staff Writer **Marya Mannes,** who has just returned from a trip to Great Britain and the Continent, reports on British television.

Naomi Mitchison, Scottish writer of both fiction and nonfiction, plays, and children's books, adds another article to her series of Scottish impressions. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is executive editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Maya Pines** is the author of *Retarded Children Can Be Helped* (Channel Press). . . . **Al Newman** is a former war correspondent and former member of *The Reporter* staff.

Our cover is by **Jay Jacobs.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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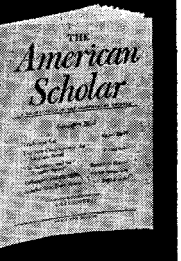

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For a Formosa Settlement

MAX ASCOLI

We have not waited until the present crisis to advocate the principles that could remove the danger of war in the Formosa Strait. For years we have been insisting that Formosa should be neutralized under a U.N. trusteeship; that the people of this island should be allowed to choose the government they want; and that our foreign policy should be gently disengaged from that of Chiang Kai-shek. Undeterred by the fact that Mr. Dulles now seems to be veering and tacking around these principles (or is he?), we publish excerpts from our writings on the subject, and an appraisal of the situation as of now. To those who may accuse us of immodesty, our answer is that through all these years we have found less and less comfort in being right.

•

What About the Formosans?

(August 29, 1950)

We don't hear much about the inhabitants of Formosa —yet there are seven million of them. The President's declaration on June 27 put them in a sort of limbo, under the pro tem custody of the Chinese Nationalist Army, with the U.S. Seventh Fleet as a floating safety belt. It was an emergency measure designed to prevent the spreading of the Korean conflict. It was also a risky measure, considering that people of all sorts, from Politburo leaders to American publishers, are rooting gleefully for the extension of the conflict.

The time has come now when our government ought to decide what to do next about Formosa, and perhaps the best way to start is to take a look at the Formosans themselves. They certainly have ideas of their own about the way their island should be ruled. Their fellow Chinese had ideas of their own too, but the expression of their opinions was prevented by clash of arms.

Why shouldn't our government now propose to the U.N. that the Formosans, taking full advantage of their insularity, determine their destiny by themselves, with their own ballots?

Formosa, The Test

(February 6, 1951)

To the Chinese Communists and Communists all over the world, to the Chinese Nationalists and their passionate advocates in the United States, to Asian nationalists, and to our European allies, Formosa has become the symbol of clashing ambitions and fears. The reality behind the symbol are the people of Formosa. We do not hear much about them: They seem merely accessories to the contested land.

The Formosans reached a far higher level of economic development, literacy, and general well-being during the fifty years of Japanese occupation than their Chinese brethren on the mainland. They already know how hard a price people sometimes pay for the fulfillment of high-sounding political principles: In 1947, not even two years after their long-awaited "reunion with the mother country," Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers wantonly murdered thousands upon thousands of them.

If their island is given to Mao, the Formosans who survive the purges will be "re-educated" to confess the sin of having led what they thought were honest lives.

Since the President's decision to send the Seventh Fleet to police the island waters, our government's policy toward Formosa has not been endorsed by any one of our allies and has aroused suspicion in all the Asian countries. The United States can now retrieve its position by proposing that the Formosans be given the opportunity to express their wishes in a plebiscite conducted under U.N. supervision. The islanders may decide on Mao, or on Chiang, or, as is infinitely more likely, on an independent government.

The Cairo Declaration, whether invoked by Chiang or Mao, does not compel us to carry civil war or its bloody aftermath into Formosa. We cannot, even by acquiescence, become the purveyors of wreckage and anguish to a peaceful people. In this ghastly conflict with international Communism, we have to establish sometime, somewhere, the principle that governments and ideologies are made for men. Because of the location of their land, we failed the Koreans. We cannot fail the islanders of Formosa.

A proposal to let the Formosans decide the status of their island would be bitterly resented by both the

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Communist and the Kuomintang Chinese, and also perhaps by the deeply nationalist Asian nations—particularly India. Asia's nationalisms seem to be tied by a strange solidarity that cuts across the conflict between Communism and democracy. The people of the West have had a longer experience with nationalism and know how bloody it may become when it imposes, as it did in Germany, its own criteria of national or racial uniformity. The case of the Formosans offers us the opportunity to impress on our nationalist friends in India and elsewhere in Asia the fact that the people's claim to self-determination and a decent, peaceful life is at least as important as that of national unity.

We want, as our government saying goes, to establish positions of strength—and we must. But we can also, acting with and through the U.N., use our power to create situations of peace wherever we can in the world, to subtract millions of human beings from the devastations of revolution and war.

The establishment of situations of peace guaranteed by our and the U.N.'s strength can make it unmistakably clear to the befuddled people of the other continents where we stand and where the enemy stands. More than protocol or ceremonial, peace is a condition of life. If we can bring about and sustain this condition of life in some sections of the world, we need not worry much about the Russian campaign for "peace."

The Communists mark areas for aggression and disturbance; we can work for internal and external peace in every area where we have a chance of success. There are several places in the world where we may still be able to protect the people from misery and war—the Middle East, for instance. With the kind of enemy we have, peace is not going to come all of a sudden—a peace-at-large that gives its benefits to the whole world. It may come in spots, wherever our moral and military strength can make itself effective.

Formosa can be the test.

Seven Million People

(June 12, 1951)

What about the Formosans? We have asked it before and we ask it again, with fresh urgency now that our government has decided to give increased assistance to what is left of Nationalist China—Formosa. In our own secular way, unaffiliated as we are with any pro-China sect, we spoke out months ago against delivering the seven million Formosans to Mao's régime as part of the China package. Now we would like to know whether the Formosans have any chance of developing their freedom from Communism into freedom to choose and judge their own leaders.

It's terribly intricate—this business of assisting foreign people whom we want to defend from Communism, but whose internal government is quite different from our own. Emotional denunciations or emotional defenses of such governments do not help much in determining whether the investment of American resources and skills is worthwhile. Of course this is always a gamble, but there are some hard basic criteria to judge by. Mainly two.

First: to be effective, American assistance can never be unconditional. American representatives must keep a close eye on how the money given to foreign countries is being spent. Any evidence of a local pork barrel is a sure sign that the money is subsidizing parasites and, ultimately, enemies of the American people.

Second: a country whose government is not removable and cannot be modified or influenced by the citizens it represents is an extraordinarily poor risk—almost, one would say, a certainty of total loss. If a government, no matter how inefficient or corrupt, is removable, there is always a chance for improvement. If it is irremovable,

we can be sure that American assistance will be monopolistically used, for their own benefit, by those who hold the monopoly of power.

In Greece and in Turkey, the governments that the United States rescued from Communist attack proved to be removable. In both countries American intervention helped the people start new ventures in self-government, choosing good or bad leaders, putting to good use or squandering their political rights. In both countries, American assistance managed to be conditional, with varying blends of kindness and toughness, of tolerance and resolution.

American assistance to Kuomintang China, on the contrary, has never succeeded in being conditional or in making the government to the slightest degree removable. At the end, it was totally removed from the mainland of China by Communist violence—which is not to be confused with the will of the Chinese people.

Now only Formosa is left of non-Communist China. We submit that if the help given to the Nationalist government is carefully watched, if the people of Formosa are given a chance to pass judgment on their rulers or to elect new ones if they so please, the unfortunate people on the Chinese mainland may glimpse a future in which they will not have to choose between old and new tyrannies.

Free institutions on Formosa, we think, could be a far more effective weapon against Communist China than any number of commando raids by Kuomintang soldiers, ferried across, clothed, fed, armed, and shielded by the American government.

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Formosa, The Test—II

(October 7, 1954)

SINCE 1951, Red China has grown stronger, and this strength, its leaders say, is going to be tested in the conquest of Formosa. At present there is danger that the battle for that island may be fought at Quemoy.

But even if the Quemoy trap is avoided, the pressure of Red China to conquer Formosa is ever mounting. Some of the major powers in Asia, and even some in Europe, are not inclined to dispute what is called the Peking government's "right." Formosa can fall either to a direct attack from Mao's forces or to treachery inside the Kuomintang régime—as most of China did.

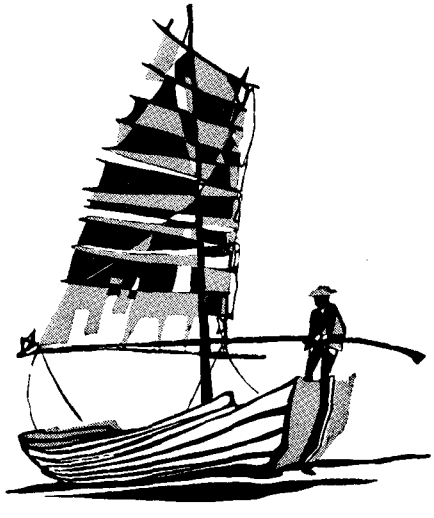
As we have said over and over and over again, only the United States and the United Nations can provide the answer. As far as our nation is concerned, not only for strategic reasons but out of a decent respect for human beings we cannot let Mao conquer Formosa. Formosa should be neutralized and have its neutrality guaranteed by the United States and the United Nations.

But time is pressing, and our government must act. The plight of the Formosans concerns both our security and our honor.

The Formosa Resolution

(February 10, 1955)

"THERE IS no longer any alternative to peace." "War would present to us only the alternative in degrees of destruction. There could be no truly successful outcome." In these last few months the President has been harping on this theme in impromptu talks, in press conferences, in formal addresses—literally every time he had a chance to say what was weighing most heavily on his mind. General Eisenhower is no recent convert to belief in peace. But lately his knowledge of what nuclear destruction entails, compounded by his unique experience as a practitioner of war, has so haunted him as to make him sound at times like a peacemonger.



With his message to Congress on the Formosan situation, the President has started moving from the generic to the specific, from the formulation of his strategic aim to the listing of the tactical measures to be taken if the aim is to be reached.

That there is no alternative to peace in our days is an absolute truth. But unilateral acknowledgment of this truth can result in a disaster as horrible as its verification. Now more than ever, it takes two to establish peace: the democracies and the Communists. And the price must be paid by both sides. The President, with his message, has made his opening bid. It is a momentous event, for it implies the abandonment of old taboos and a new system of relationships with Communism. It may also imply the breakup of the Republican Party.

THE OCCASION for the President's message arose from imminent danger in an area that since the end of the war has been the soft underbelly of the democracies. To face Communism in Asia we have a frail facsimile of NATO, doubtful or weak allies, and a dismal record of non-containment. Of all the soft spots in Asia the softest is Formosa.

The difficulties the President has to face inside his own Administration and party in trying to stop Communism are at least as great as those that are set in his path by neutral or unreliable Asian governments. Indeed, it is the strange allegiance of some of the Republican Congressional leaders to the weakest and most synthetic of all these governments that has made them resigned, if not eager, harbingers of preventive war. Nor are Congressional leaders the only victims of this pro-Chiang infatuation. The record of Admiral Radford is well known. So are the speeches of that improbable diplomat Mr. Walter Robertson, who recently stated that Chou En-lai comes no closer to representing China than William Z. Foster does to representing America. Yet these are the men on whom the President must rely for the conduct of his Asian policy: Senator Knowland is the leader of the President's party in the Senate, Admiral Radford is his chief military adviser, and Mr. Robertson is the high-ranking expert on Asia in the State Department.

The President's dilemma was extraordinarily irksome: With the Chinese Civil War kindled anew, he could no longer delay. He had to announce his terms for the establishment of peace where peace was most endangered. Under no condition could he turn from a near peacemonger into a preventive warrior. Part of his embarrassments he can blame on himself, for they come

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from his 1952 decision to play the game of politics as an orthodox Republican. Since then, however, he must have learned enough about politics and statesmanship to realize that the best a leader can do, when surrounded by men he cannot shake off, is to use their ambitions and prejudices for his own purposes.

What the President had in mind had become known several days before he sent his message to Congress: It was a cease-fire. That could only lead to the neutralization of Formosa. Only then would the Allied and neutral powers stand by us; only then could the line be drawn behind which we would not fall back. The President of course knew that the opposition to neutralizing Formosa would be equally vigorous in Peking, in Taipei, and on the Republican side of Capitol Hill.

This is probably one of the reasons why he announced his new Asian policy in a message to Congress. He knew he could count on Democratic assistance, and indeed it is doubtful whether he would ever have advanced his cease-fire proposal at the end of his message were it not for the fact that Congress now has a Democratic majority. The idea of a cease-fire to be reached through the U.N. is of Democratic origin, and is still considered by many Republicans either as an inconsequential pious fraud or shameful appeasement.

The President's message was designed to elicit the co-operation of the U.N., of the Democrats, and of the Knowland Republicans. These last have their own particular reasons to be elated: The President, contrary to what has been stated by some of his critics in the Senate, has not now joined the preventive warriors, but he has made a tentative, preventive declaration of war against the only enemy Chiang's friends are spoiling to have the United States engaged with in battle.

Will Red China comply and through aggression or overt preparation to attack make itself responsible for war?

THE PRESIDENT is taking an extremely serious gamble that has probably been made unnecessarily risky by past hesitancies.

The Allies, as well as patriotic Americans of all parties, have clearly understood that something even more important than the defense of Formosa is at stake. To break the Formosan tangle we need the U.N.; if a political alternative to war is to be found, there is no bypassing the U.N.

In the near future the U.N. action which the President has invoked can build up enough pressure to make imperative the gentle liquidation of Chiang Kai-shek and the establishment of true self-government for the Formosans under U.N. trusteeship. The course on which the President has recently entered, risky as it is, can turn out to be a healthy and successful one if the U.N. and interallied action develops vigorously and acquires ever-increasing momentum so that Asia and the whole world may be given a greater measure of peace.

To reach this aim it is imperative that some degree of understanding and co-operation with Soviet Russia be established, for the United States and Soviet Russia would be the protagonists and also the major victims of a generalized nuclear war. At present only these two countries have influence enough to stop the civil war which has ravaged China for over thirty years.

When the action at the U.N. starts paying dividends, when the very nearness of war makes it compellingly clear to both sides that there is no alternative to peace and that binding multilateral agreements for the reduction of armaments are imperative—then the gamble that the President has taken will start paying off. The greater his success, the more likely he is to acquire the freedom of action he needs to shed his most troublesome aides.

THE PRESIDENT must be praised for having taken this gamble. The Chief Executive of the United States cannot reduce himself to playing the role of inspirational leader. But he will have to be extremely skillful, firm, at times even ruthless. For the indecisive, the hesitant, is at the same time the most reckless among gamblers and the one who cannot win.

Mutuality

(February 10, 1955)

WITH THE Congressional resolution on Formosa approved, is there any reason why the so-called Mutual Defense Treaty with Nationalist China should receive Senate ratification?

Unquestionably, the most important and most controversial idea in the President's message to Congress was that of a cease-fire on the Formosa Strait—which, as has been abundantly said by our national leaders, should lead to the neutralization of Formosa. But what sense is there in having a mutual-defense treaty with a partner which, if our policy is successful, should be neutralized? Wouldn't Chiang Kai-shek be justified were he to say that if the principle of mutuality is to work at all, our nation too should be neutralized?

The Fuze Is Burning

(February 24, 1955)

A STALEMATE in the Formosa Strait has been heralded as the nearest equivalent of peace. Since 1945, wherever fighting has broken out, the best that men of good will have been able to devise has been some frail equivalent of peace. Usually it has been an armistice, as in the cases of Kashmir, Palestine, and Korea. Even before an

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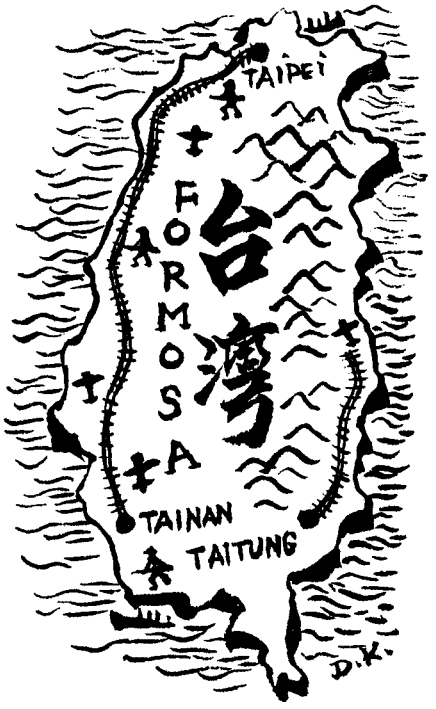
armistice is concluded, a cease-fire or a gradual ceasing of fire is enough to give men of our days a little foretaste of peace. What follows is, at best, a rationed and precarious ersatz.

A stalemate, however, is an even poorer substitute for peace. It implies the deployment of forces that test and neutralize each other, while conducting occasional actions of warfare. Yet there are people in our own country as well as in Russia and China who are rather pleased with this bleeding equivalent of peace.

Increasingly since 1945, this debasement of peace has been going on. Increasingly, communication between our country and the Communist bloc has been entrusted more to the blunt show of strength than to diplomacy. It has been said with great insistence by men of both our parties that fruitful diplomatic relations with the Communist world are possible only when we negotiate from strength—and the Communist powers, without theorizing, have actually adhered to the same doctrine with a vengeance. Unfortunately, while both sides compete in making their positions of strength stronger, communication between our nation and the Communist régimes has become one of muscle to muscle, skin to skin, without much talk but with much yelling and gnashing of teeth.

In the Formosa Strait this new muscle diplomacy can be seen in the raw. It may succeed in preventing some-



thing much worse; indeed, while waiting for the mediation of the British Commonwealth and of the U.N., this is the best one can pray for.

In the Pacific we are facing Red China, not Soviet Russia. Many of the Russian Communist leaders may be quite happy at the sight of that tournament where so much of the American hardware has a chance to be displayed and to wear out. Unless, of course, Red Chinese provocation forces our commanders to use atomic weapons. In that case, the point of no return with Russia would be instantly reached. This danger will be with us just as long as this cherished equivalent of peace, the stalemate, keeps us forever fencing with Red China across the Formosa Strait.

Some Republicans as well as some Russian leaders may rejoice for entirely different reasons at the thought that the stalemate will last long and that there is no great danger that it will degenerate into a cease-fire—not to mention the establishment of peace with Red China. These Republicans and these Russian leaders, these conscious or unconscious pyromaniacs, have too much power for comfort.

Squatter's Armies

(*February 24, 1955*)

When the Senate on February 9 approved the Mutual Defense Treaty with Nationalist China, it also adopted an "understanding" that the State Department said was morally binding on the Administration. It said that Senate approval of the treaty would neither strengthen nor weaken the Chiang Government's claim to sovereignty over Formosa, the international status of which is yet to be decided.

One day later, when Nationalist China's Foreign Minister, George K. C. Yeh, was asked about the juridical status of Formosa, he answered, according to the New York *Times*, "Are you writing a Ph.D. thesis in international law? Let's talk of practical matters. There has never been any legal question about who has Formosa and to whom Formosa belongs. It was made a province of China right after V-J Day and Japan recognized this status in surrendering the island to us."

The foregoing shows how the existing legal patterns just cannot fit our relationship with the Government of Nationalist China. Yet we have with this Government a treaty—and of mutual defense, of all things. But is this Government legally entitled to the possession of Formosa and the Pescadores? Yes or no?

Well, to be helpful to everybody concerned, including Generalissimo Chiang and Mr. Dulles, we would dare to suggest that there is something new here: a Government with squatter's rights over these contested islands. Or just to make things more regular, our country, as the leading recipient of the surrender of Japan, could lend these islands to the Government of Nationalist China. If the rent to be paid us could be settled at one headache a day—only one—this would be quite a bargain for our Administration.

However, beyond any reasonable doubt there is an

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army under Chiang Kai-shek. We should know it, for all the weapons this army has came from us. But it is still a squatter's army.

Strangely enough, when we were fighting Red China in Korea, there too we were dealing with an army without a country; we were not at war with Red China because we only fought the Chinese People's Volunteers. Mao's Government devised that fiction, and our national leaders, the Democrats and Republicans, out-Maoed Mao in sticking to it to the bitter end. The U.S. fliers still prisoners in Red China are paying very dearly for that Red Chinese-American fiction. For since we have never been at war with Red China we have never signed an armistice with it.

In the case of both Nationalist and Red China, we have come to accept the existence of an army without a country—or with a country in a legal limbo, anyway. Fear of the Allies and of world opinion prevents us from acknowledging, formally and unmistakably, the sovereignty of the Chinese Nationalist Government over Formosa and the Pescadores. Fear of the right-wing Republicans and of Chiang prevented us from acknowledging the existence of a country that was at war with us. Fear can produce strange nightmares and nightmarish situations.

Recurrence to Principle

(March 10, 1955)

OUR GOVERNMENT has taken a number of initiatives on the very issue—Formosa—where our conflict with the Communists is the sharpest. But in so doing, and in spite of its good intentions, it has increased the hazards inherent in an already frightening state of affairs—hazards of inter-Allied disunity, of miscalculations on the part of American military leaders, and, last but not least, of enemy provocation.

If so much room has been left to chance, if the Administration's freedom of action is so hemmed in by Republican potentates like Senator Knowland, spurious allies like Chiang Kai-shek, and partisan military leaders like Admiral Radford, then how can Mr. Dulles go on orating on the blessings of liberty? We are hardly entitled to any blessings, for we have no liberty where we need it most: liberty of action, liberty to devise alternatives in the conflict with Communism that might lead to solutions other than total disaster. Only we and our major Allies can gain this liberty. The Communists cannot. They are accustomed to glide on so-called irresistible trends; indeed, they only know how to bring about what their dwarfed minds think is inevitable. They are in love with necessity, and all their demonic energy is focused on speeding up its march so that slavery may be clamped all over the world and—like all the Russian Five-Year Plans—ahead of schedule.

But we who want to earn the blessings of liberty should know better. We have not the blinders of an absurd notion of predetermined history. We should know how to set a course of our own and how to create what the poor Communists call "deviations"—deviations from their inevitable—and make them stick.

ABOUT FORMOSA, for instance, which is the immediate test. It has been said by many, and not only in our country, that the situation along the Formosa Strait would improve greatly if the entirely unnecessary hazard represented by the American guarantee of the offshore islands were removed. In his Foreign Policy Association speech, Mr. Dulles made this point as clear as he could: "The United States has no commitment and no purpose to defend the coastal islands as such. I repeat, as such." It is also said that if these islands are dealt with "as such," seventy-five or so miles of blue water will stand between Mao's armies and the former Japanese possession that our country rightly does not want to see fall into Communist hands.

The practitioners of liberty can certainly think of something more effective than blue water, a stalemate, or, at the utmost, a cease-fire, to avoid the conflict. They can set to work so that those who are contending over Formosa are kept apart by a span, not only of water but of precious time. During this time—four or five years, for instance—the United Nations could acquire temporary jurisdiction over Formosa, so that the people of the island would have a chance to test their fitness for self-government and finally to decide about their own destiny. Their insularity, if temporarily protected by the will of our country and of the United Nations, could give them a chance that the Chinese on the mainland never had: the chance of acting like human beings capable of working out their own alternatives and of making their own choices.

Nehru and the other leaders of India have stubbornly maintained that Formosa belongs to Red China. That is a very good reason why Indian representatives should be invited to have a close look at the Formosans. Those militant foes of colonialism and imperialism badly need to know how the wishes and the happiness of men can be jeopardized by quite a number of other *isms*—nationalism, for instance. This western *ism* has been adopted in the East so indiscriminately as to harden into a dogma the principle that all men who are said to belong to what is said to be a nation have no choice but to be swallowed up by the new Leviathan. The Indians, who can move with comparative ease in Communist China and can therefore know what nationalism becomes when doubled with Communism, should keep this knowledge very much in mind when they look at the particular traits and wishes of the Formosan people.

During this span of time when Formosa is a ward of the United Nations, the two antagonistic systems of

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government and conceptions of life, democracy and Communism, should be freely presented to the Formosans. This may be hard on the Communists, but they, who have advocated "free elections" in several other parts of the world, would not be on particularly solid ground in refusing them for the island. As far as the democracies are concerned, they should not be afraid to take the chance—considering the record of those occasions when believers in Communism and in freedom have met on fair and equal terms. Of course there would be major dangers on all sides: danger that the World Civil War might be transformed into an experimental civil war in the streets, in the plains, and in the mountains of Formosa, and the danger that the island might be turned into a sort of World's Fair of coexistence. But a start has to be made somewhere; Formosa may well be the spot.

One condition is essential before the experiment in Formosa can lead anywhere: There should be a far larger number of nations participating in it than the major powers, and negotiation or limited co-operation between the democracies and Communism should not be limited to Formosa. Formosa should only be the focus, the specific point where action must be taken because it is there that the fuze is burning.

The Fuze Is Still Burning

(*April 7, 1955*)

"The Eisenhower Administration believes an uneasy stalemate in the Formosa Strait is more likely than either fighting or a formal cease-fire." This was the opening paragraph of a dispatch from Washington published on the front page of the New York *Times* on February 2. Shortly after, it became an open secret that the inspiration for the story had come from Vice-President Nixon.

"If the Chinese Communists challenge the United States," the story went on, "either by a testing action or a full-scale attempt to take Formosa or one of the islands related to its defense, the Administration is prepared to engage in limited war. This would include 'hot pursuit' to the mainland of the attacking aircraft or naval vessels."

At the beginning of February, however, the Administration seemed unwilling, even through its familiar method of off-the-record press conferences, to inform the American public of anything more drastic than "hot pursuit." That was enough for the day.

Indeed, it was emphasized that whatever war there might be on the Formosa Strait, it would be of the "limited" variety—a sort of armed containment. "Limited" meant, obviously, limited unilaterally by the U.S. government, with the amount of punishment to be inflicted on the enemy to be determined at our leaders' discretion. At the time—that was the beginning of February—there was no hint whatsoever in official Administration announcements of any possible use of atomic weapons.

Lately there has been a change in the publicized statements of our strategic plans. Atomic weapons *will* be used in the defense of the Quemoys and Matsus, if the enemy attack on the two groups of islands shows an intention to use them as stepping stones for the conquest of Formosa.

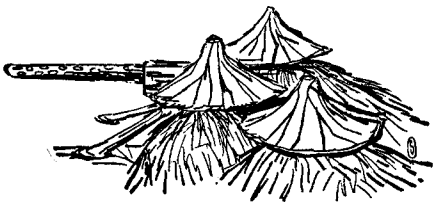
At the same time, the public has been told repeatedly and authoritatively not to be too finicky in its thinking about atomic weapons—used on the enemy, of course.

They're not such terrible things, after all; indeed, some of those being made now are so tiny as to represent a mere five thousand tons of TNT, while the one used on Hiroshima had the equivalent of twenty thousand tons. Since we have these weapons, why shouldn't we use them for the defense of the Quemoys and Matsus?

So here we are: drifting every day closer to war in the defense of islands of no military value, islands which, five or ten years from now, might be used by the enemy for the conquest of Formosa. In this war, where we would use atomic weapons, we are certain not to receive the slightest political or military support from our Allies: The recent statement by Lester B. Pearson, Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs, represents the unshakable determination not only of the Canadian but of all the Commonwealth governments.

What prompts our leaders, then? How can they be so blind? How can they be moving toward an adventure in which we would find ourselves absolutely alone, engaged in a war that would be limited not by our self-imposed rules but by the quality and the amount of weapons the Russians might be willing to lend their Chinese allies? Don't our leaders know they are running the risk of losing Formosa—and much more than Formosa—in Quemoy?

Sometimes it is gratifying to look at the pictures of our national leaders. They look quite vigorous and serene, even those who are not so young and travel a lot, like Secretary Dulles. It is obvious they manage to sleep at night.



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As of Now

FOR NEARLY FOUR years after the Formosa Resolution was passed, our government did not see fit to call on the U.N. Yet the President, in his Message to Congress on January 24, 1955, could not have been more explicit. He said: "Clearly, this existing and developing situation poses a serious danger to the security of our country and of the entire Pacific area and indeed to the peace of the world. We believe that the situation is one for appropriate action of the United Nations under its Charter, for the purpose of ending the present hostilities in that area. We would welcome assumption of such jurisdiction by that body. Meanwhile, the situation has become sufficiently critical to impel me, without awaiting action by the United Nations, to ask the Congress to participate now, by specific resolution, in measures designed to improve the prospects for peace." That "meanwhile" has been stretched for four years and no action by the U.N. has had a chance to be considered "appropriate."

In fact, no attempt has ever been made to bring our Formosa commitments within the purview of interallied diplomacy. These commitments have remained the jealously guarded, private business of the American government, acting as the agent of a Republican faction. Our leaders have been repeating *ad nauseam* that the destiny of the free world was at stake in Quemoy, but without any prior consultation with any other nation in the free world. Lately, for weeks our administration has been vying with a government it does not even condescend to recognize—each one daring the other to spark total war. No wonder that the rest of the world and, ultimately, the American people, have become somewhat alarmed.

Yet while the danger of war with the Communist bloc, or China alone, is still far from removed, there is already reason to worry about what might happen should the present crisis coalesce into a new stalemate or informal cease-fire. Our leaders then might well relapse into their old habits, forget the U.N., forget the Alliance, while smugly stating every so often that once more through a show of strength they have stabilized the situation on the Formosa Strait. All this, of course, until the next upsurge of Communist aggressiveness.

There is no way yet of measuring, even approximately, the extent to which the current Formosa crisis has shaken the Alliance. But there can be no question that should a stalemate somehow be reached, we cannot waste time any longer, we cannot rely on our luck and count on one further narrow escape from disaster. As long as the men who direct our foreign policy remain in office, a formidable burden of responsibility must be assumed by Congress. Our country cannot afford to jeopardize its system of alliances for the sake of placating the American constituency of the Kuomintang.

Both in the councils of the Alliances and at the U.N. our case for Formosa will become infinitely stronger if it is based on the independence and safety of the Formosans rather than on the survival of a régime. Now more than ever, we are responsible to the people of Formosa—but that responsibility cannot remain ours alone. It must be shared with our allies and with the people of Formosa themselves, once we and our allies make it possible for them to choose the kind of government they want. We must act with the greatest possible speed, for some powerful Nationalist refugees on Formosa can be greatly tempted to bring the mainland régime over to the island once they lose all hope of reconquering China. Should an armed uprising bring the Formosans under Peking, then we would have to choose between bemoaning indirect aggression or using force.

If we gain the support of our allies there is still time to negotiate a U.N. trusteeship for Formosa as a condition for the admission of China to the U.N. But there is not much time. If we go on discrediting ourselves with foolish interventions and foolish landings, parading our force where it is not needed or where it can be abused, then there is not much hope that justice may, at long last, be rendered the Formosans. In fact, there is not much hope for ourselves; we will be going it alone—though not to glory and not to our salvation.

OUR FAULT in dealing with Communism is to think of it in terms of war or peace, as if we could kill it or live with it, while actually the most one system can do to harm the other is to help it along somewhat more speedily toward self-destruction. Lately there must have been enormous elation in the Communist camp, for in spite of all their hopeless contradictions and stresses, we seem to be ahead of them in letting our strength be wasted away. They are likely to be disappointed, however, for our people are awakening, and some of the most skillful practitioners of concealment among our national leaders have started shedding their masks.

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The Liking of Ike

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE dominant political fact in the United States today is a continuing, unique, almost narcissistic relationship between the psychology of the American people and the nonpolitical image of Dwight D. Eisenhower.

It has been said that the Eisenhower movement represents a "new" conservatism, while others believe that it represents the emergence of a "new" Republicanism. Such labels, however, attribute a political character to a new and successful attempt to find a substitute for politics.

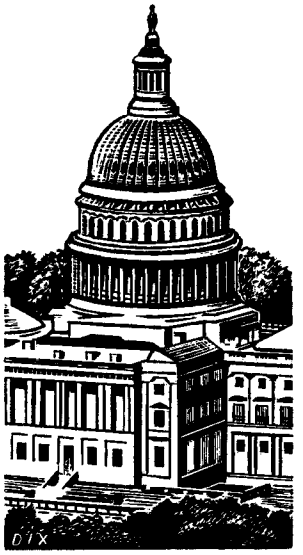
No phrase is more important in explaining the Eisenhower case than the one that says he is "above politics." Mr. Eisenhower is the good man above politics, both negatively and positively. He represents not only a unique attachment to the common virtues and values that are easy to recognize and that unify the people but also a unique detachment from the positions on social and political philosophy that are difficult to understand and that divide the people.

The negative aspect—being separated from all factional quarrels, policies, even politics itself—has been as important as the positive. Mr. Eisenhower's military role enabled him to pursue a career that brought him into the public eye but permitted him to stay apart from the controversies of public affairs all through the turbulent days of the New Deal, the Second World War, and the cold war. This nonpolitical role meant that as a Republican candidate he could cut deeply into normally Democratic voting strength. It was helpful to him also because this nonpolitical tradition is a sturdy American heritage in its own right.

"Politics" is suspect as a realm of conflict to a people who believe harmony to be natural and easy, as a realm of failure (the diplomats lose the peace after the soldiers win the wars), to a people who believe that anything can be done by an enthusiastic decision of the will, and as a realm of compromise with evil, to a people whose heritage it has been to begin with unsullied moral ideals. Mr. Eisenhower could be presented as the negation of all that is meant by politics—a symbol of the simplicity, success, unity, and idealism of the American people as a whole.

'Personality' above Politics

His own life and thought have ideally conditioned him to this role as symbol. No one knew what party he belonged to; and even since becoming a politician he has frequently and no doubt truthfully said, "I'm no politician."



The public sees Mr. Eisenhower not first of all as the representative of a party or of policy but as a man, an individual, a "personality." In an age when "personality" is something one may "have," Mr. Eisenhower is one of those who have it in great quantities. He is perceived as a warm, sincere, likable man, a man with that gift of open, unpretentious, relaxed, informal friendliness which is a feature of the American West at its best, a man from—the perfect place—Abilene, with a grin, who leaves the great international meeting to shop for a doll for his granddaughter, who greeted his troops by saying "My name's Eisenhower," who is an ordinary recognizable human being whom people "like."

One familiar interpretation makes of Mr. Eisenhower a "father image." But he does not represent one part of the paternal pattern, the element of authority, resistance, reprimand, restraint. Mr. Eisenhower is not a father who is expected to demand much of his children. He is not the man who pounds his desk to show that he is boss; he has a well-known ability to make people get along together and to form a team, and a well-known desire to be liked. His political activity has not been marked by vigorous leadership. If Mr. Eisenhower is indeed a father to Americans, he is the very American father of a democratic, progressive family.

There is no doubt that this personality is sincere. The signs by which a public judges sincerity appear to include a visible fervor and earnestness of manner; a set of plain, familiar, and uncomplicated sentiments; and a constant willingness to make one's ideas completely explicit. One of the characteristics of a popular democracy may be its tendency to take things at face value; as publics become larger, the ability to see beneath the surface becomes smaller; what a man repeatedly says is what he is; what he doesn't say, he is not.

Mr. Eisenhower has the ability to make very explicit his patriotic, moral, and religious feelings; he can *say* the words repeatedly and with fervor.

Kevin McCann reports that he said, in the period before he became a political figure, "All I do is belabor the obvious." But the belaboring of the obvious may be exactly the right stance for a successful public figure in American democracy. The genius of Mr. Eisenhower's political personality may rest in his gift for speaking platitudes sincerely.

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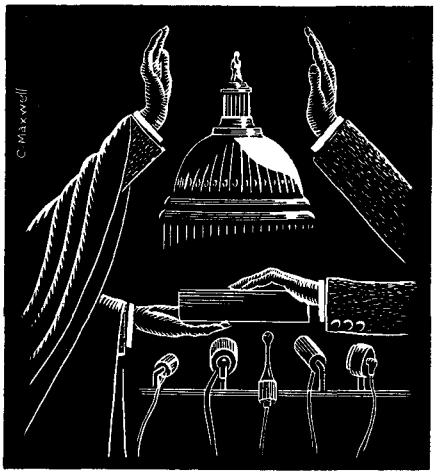
But it would be a mistake to conclude from all this, from the slogan "I Like Ike," from the nationally televised and sentimental birthday parties, from the celebration of Mamie, the grin, and the President's sincerity, that personality in this sense is the sole source of his appeal. Part of it is the image of personality, sincerity, and warmth, but another part is the image of leadership, ability, and accomplishment.

THIS ASPECT of his public image was established supremely and beyond cavil by his military career. He was the great leader in an enterprise in which, unlike in any factional struggle, nearly all Americans shared; an enterprise which, unlike any in art or legislation or scholarship, had ends that were immediately understandable to every citizen. The leader in North Africa, the commander of Overlord, the agent of D Day, the chief of NATO needed no further demonstration to fix in the public mind, firmly and forever, his strength, his skill, his decisiveness, his leadership. Perhaps, after he had fulfilled these roles, his strength was established whether thereafter he was strong or not; his decisiveness became unquestionable whether he took decisions or not; and his leadership was obvious whether he led or not.

But Mr. Eisenhower is not at all a "man on horseback," not a "beloved leader" in the tradition of military heroes. He is personable, warm, and democratic at the same time that he is practical, strong, and able. In Eisenhower's case, the fame, the reputation for national leadership, and the passionate support engendered in war have been immensely heightened by his friendly personal bearing.

Since his personality is a standard American type, he might be said narrowly to escape being a colorless figure; without his career, he would not be a person of particular interest. But, given his superlative career, his ordinariness becomes a virtue: the victor in history's mightiest battles is a nice guy too. He has none of the qualities that the ordinary man finds annoying, and refuses to acknowledge, because they are outside his experience and imply some claim for deference. Mr. Eisenhower combines the perennial grandeur of success in battle with the familiar friendliness of the man next door.

His appeal is separate from any concrete achievement; his relation to his public is strictly that of the symbol. He is the static image of long-accepted virtues and the embodiment of perennial suprapolitical values. He is not only a good man; he is a man whose goodness does not need to be proved. The defining feature of the Eisenhower



phenomenon is this predisposition of the American to believe the best of Mr. Eisenhower. The American blames subordinates but not the President; he doubts others but trusts Mr. Eisenhower. The farmer may blame Mr. Benson, the workingman Mr. Wilson or Mr. Weeks, the Zionist Mr. Dulles, the Southerner Richard Nixon or Earl Warren. The voter may reject the Republican Party, the administration's policies, and the new conservatism but he still likes Ike—and not only likes him but votes for him.

From Platitudes to Paratroops

Something about Mr. Eisenhower has made him a perfect repository for the bipartisan national piety which surrounds the Presidential office at any time, and which has been particularly strong in the Eisenhower period—the soft nationalism that knows there is a domain of the common and good and American that is more important than all the "things that divide us." What is it about him that makes him fit that national piety perfectly?

Archetypal Americanism is made up of two elements: the practical, competitive, individualistic, and success-seeking on the one side, and the religious-idealistic, friendly, teamworking, and reform-seeking on the other. Mr. Eisenhower exactly summarizes both.

The treatises on what is typically American always point to our seeking of success and our emphasis upon achievement, in the most tangible, worldly terms; to our practicality and pragmatism; to our opposition to theory, contemplation, and speculation; to our optimism about what a man can do, and our energy in doing it; to a whole bias toward a direct, external, practical, productive relation to the world. Phrases from these treatises and from Mr. Eisenhower's biographies are completely interchangeable; he fits. The text of his own remarks, indeed, often sounds like a broad parody of the local spokesman for Americanism, or like an effort to capture the type made by some bad novelist of mildly un-American leanings: "My friend, the Defense Department is spending something like forty billion dollars a year of our money. . . . Who would you rather have in charge of that, some failure that never did anything or a successful businessman? I got the head of the biggest company I could go to, General Motors, and said, 'Will you come in and do this for us?' "

Mr. Eisenhower's own career represents the practical success that he, like the standard American, admires: he went from Abilene to unassailable world fame. In a society attuned to the tangible accomplishments of practical success, Mr. Eisenhower is a supreme success in the most obviously and unchallengeably practical of all activities, the defense of the nation itself.

Most of all, he represents a classical American individualism. He represents it in obvious ways: in his constant reduction of vast questions of social policy to the understandable dimensions of his "respect" for one or another person, in his innocence about the way ideas cluster ideologically around the interests of social groups, in the atmosphere of old-fashioned laissez faire that decorates his attitudes.

But he also represents American

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individualism more fundamentally in a subtler way, a way that goes to the heart of American attitudes toward politics: he stands for the historic position that the main thing is the motive and character of individuals rather than the forms of politics; that real human progress must come about by the changing hearts of individuals more than by changes in the arrangements of society. "Now, I have consistently tried over five and a half years to show," Mr. Eisenhower said at a recent press conference, ". . . that mere law will never solve this problem. I believe we have got to look inside ourselves . . ."

This idea reflects that trust in the inward change of heart or will, with its accompanying emphasis on exhortation, which is a characteristic of a main strand of this country's political behavior. Beginning with the image of the unencumbered individual affected only secondarily by his social surroundings, then proceeding to a great trust in this individual's heart and will and fundamental goodness, this outlook places great store in persuasion, and on verbal declarations of intentions and resolutions of purpose.

Conflicts and difficulties, if unfortunately they do arise, are seen to flow from the evil will of a few individuals, not from kinks in the social arrangements. This view underrates or even overlooks the nastier forms of power (physical force, market control, mass manipulation, and "mere law") except where they are inescapably evident. It relies instead on a large role for appeals to good will. Those who hold to it deal heavily, therefore, in hortatory and declaratory politics; in Eisenhower Doctrines, Declarations of Washington, and Baghdad Pacts; in combating a depression by telling consumers that they auto buy now.

When the voluntary means break down, however, this way of thinking can swiftly show quite another side. It can turn suddenly from hortatory appeals to good will to angry use of force: from Newport's meeting to Little Rock's troops, from the goodwill tour to the dispatch of Marines, from the pact in Baghdad to force in Beirut. This alternation recalls America's reaction to war: at first, whole-hearted isolation; then when war commits us, whole-hearted, crusading pugnacity—with sweeping declarations of righteousness accompanying both responses. The relation to war represents in the extreme America's broader relation to power: ignoring it until it becomes obvious, then over-responding to it. Lacking a sense of the pervasiveness and variety of power, we fail to deal with it discriminately and forehandedly in relation to specific purposes. Instead we move back and forth, from platitudes to paratroops.

That Passeth All Understanding

The other large complex of American values has to do with idealism and reform, with morality and religion.

"This crusade is soundly based on moral and spiritual values," said Mr. Eisenhower. "His strength, his wisdom [pause] and his faith," said Vice-President Nixon, speaking reverently of his superior. "Faith in God and country; that's Eisenhower—how about you?" said billboards in California. Mr. Eisenhower voices the contemporary belief in "believing" or in "faith," independent of its object or content: "These devoted people meeting here," he said to the World Council of Churches at Evanston, "believe, first of all, always in faith . . ."

Criticism of this "faith" may appear to be too subtle, too verbal, too "intellectual." After all, he seems to say, we all know what we are trying to say here. Through Mr. Eisenhower's remarks has run a small note of impatience at the sophisticated niceties of, as he called them in the 1956 campaign, "those who dwell with words and phrases." "We believe," he said proudly to a gathering of Republicans in 1953, "that our thinking and our emotions are unclouded by the various brands of cynicism that bear the label of political sophistication." And of the subject at hand, he said on another occasion, "Faith seems to be too simple a thing for some people to understand."

There is an evident connection in Mr. Eisenhower's mind between his expression of faith and his role as President. Milton Eisenhower, asked by Bela Kornitzer about the "change" in his brother's attitude toward religious ritual when he became President, gave this reply:

"I think he may not like the purely ritualistic aspects of religion because they are merely an outward manifestation, whereas the true significance of religion is something that is in the mind and in the heart. . . . Now, when you become the leader of a nation, the leader of a free world, it becomes necessary not only to find the inner satisfaction which religious understanding can bring, but also to stimulate others in a thousand ways. Well, here we come to another fact, then: Ours is a religious nation. . . . all of our basic documents are political expressions of certain cardinal religious concepts. Thus, it is necessary, I think, in order to protect American democracy and freedom in the world, for the President of the United States to give spiritual stimulation . . . Most people find it best to adhere to religious conviction through some physical connection with the church and physical participation in ritualistic exercises. This being so, it is good and right for the President of the United States to go to church regularly . . ."

For Mr. Eisenhower himself, an "inner" expression without "ritual" is perhaps sufficient; but for the President of the United States, in order to protect American democracy a "physical connection" is required. As another brother, Edgar, said while discussing the same question, "He is the representative of the American people. As their representative he must set an example in his conduct."

The Moral Tone

Mr. Eisenhower also sets an example in regard to the inseparable American companion to "spiritual values" or "moral values." "Ladies and gentlemen, you have summoned me," he said right away on accepting his first Presidential nomination, ". . . to lead a great crusade . . ." The word "crusade" appeared three more times in the next few sentences of his acceptance speech at the Republican convention; and crusades for this and crusades for that have been crisscrossing the country ever since at a rate that must be greater than the Holy Land ever knew, even in its busiest season.

Actually the Eisenhower in office has been something rather different

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from a crusader. His characteristic merits, for his supporters, have been those of meditation, conciliation, pacification; his characteristic faults, for his critics, have been those of the "green fairways of complacency." The Eisenhower "moral crusade" really has been one of the tamest and gentlest of political movements. What is the cause? Who is the infidel, where the Holy City? The first evil against which the crusade was directed was "the mess in Washington"; presumably that battle was won very early, but the crusade went on. Perhaps, like "faith," it can have one goal and then another, then none at all—an all-purpose crusade-in-general.

This amorphous quality is modern, a product of the debilitating effect that the black arts of public relations and advertising have on words, particularly popular and/or honorable words like "faith," "sincerity," "righteousness," and "morality." The appropriateness of the "crusade" idea to the public in our time, like the use of "sincerity" in the advertising fraternity, may show a desire to recapture a virtue now lost and nostalgically remembered—in the case of the crusade, a moral zeal and purpose attributed to generations past.

But wizardry does not entirely account for the "crusade." Something is really still there, something intrinsic to the mind of the leader, and to the mind of large numbers of his supporters: an inclination to see the world divided into simple moral alternatives and to assume that by rousing energy one can eliminate the evil.

The "moral" tone has continued to sound throughout the Eisenhower administration, and at just the American pitch. This "morality" deals not with a complicated field of contending values but with simple, abstract, absolute rules. Mr. Eisenhower regularly and proudly refers to his principles as "fixed" and "firm" (as he did, for example, in both inaugural addresses). Discussing our action in the tangle of the Suez crisis, Mr. Eisenhower said: "There are some firm principles that cannot bend—they can only break. And we shall not break ours." A declaration like that has such a noble ring in general that it is hard to make clear the defects of its application in the particular case. As with Mr. Eisenhower himself, it is protected from moral condemnation of results by the transparent goodness of intentions.

In domestic politics, on the farm issue for example, Mr. Eisenhower says: "And so, for this man of principle [the farmer], we have designed our program of principle." At best this kind of "morality" makes for oversimplification; at worst, for self-righteousness. But it is a very familiar American idea.

THE HEART of the conception of the whole Eisenhower movement was that here was something better than ordinary politics: this campaign sprang from motives higher than those of political and economic

interest; this "crusade" attacked an evil which—though vague—was more serious than mere disagreement over political policy; this candidate was in touch with principles higher than those known to ordinary politicians. Therefore this movement could engender a support greater and worthier than that of the usual political enterprise. It has been successful, in part, because it has captured a strong public desire for a way around or above the complexities of political decision. It has offered something better, and something easier to understand, than politics: "morality."

Mr. Eisenhower's own personal corner on goodness was demonstrated in the last months of the 1956 campaign. When the "peace" the Republicans had advertised was shattered by tumultuous events in Europe and in the Middle East, this fact worked not against Mr. Eisenhower but for him. The voters were attached not just to peace but to the peacemaker. To the immense frustration of the Democrats, he won either way: peace, when it existed, was of his making; peace, when it was in danger, was his to keep.

'Aboveness'

Americans want to combine both these large themes without contradiction: to be both practical and idealistic, successful and moral, rich yet overflowing with spiritual values. Mr. Eisenhower expresses the practical and success-seeking aspect of American society at the time of its greatest opulence; and he represents the idealistic and moral heritage at the time of the most obvious danger from an opposing power. He represents both and he represents them in combination rather than in contradiction, in mutual support rather than in tension. He combines these strands exactly as America wants to combine them. An Eisenhower enthusiast like Merlo J. Pusey, for example, will follow a paragraph about the President's ideals with a prompt reminder that he keeps them within the budget: "He lifts men to higher aims and greater devotion. Without any assumption of self-righteousness, he focuses the public mind upon constructive ideas and Christian virtues. . . . Yet his idealism has been kept within practical bounds. While sponsoring foreign-aid programs costing the taxpayers billions of dollars each year, he has not overlooked the necessity of keeping our own economy sound."

The anti-political element in each set of American characteristics is redoubled when they are thus neatly reconciled to each other, all tension removed. Mr. Eisenhower's "aboveness" is the quintessence of this redoubled American rejection of politics. He unites its two sources. The practical strand tends to sink below the problems of policy and value in politics down into the domain of technique and administration, solving everything by "know-how," a good staff system, one-page summaries, clean desks, "best brains," and business-in-government. The idealistic strand is inclined to soar above the conflicts and concrete decisions of politics into the cloudless realms of "moral and spiritual val-

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ues." We look down on politics and pretend we have escaped from it.

Yet some supporters—notably Arthur Larson—have tried to say that Mr. Eisenhower has set forth a brand-new kind of politics. They have wanted to explain the President's victories by reference to a new force in American politics—but what happened to that force? Mr. Eisenhower, it seems, had captured the middle position, between the "extremes" of the past, by adhering to clear-cut, fundamental principles, and developing a firm and consistent political philosophy—a philosophy that almost all Americans agree to (all but a few culls who may be lumped together, without the dignity of name or party, as "the opposition"). Mr. Eisenhower, said Mr. Larson, found the "Authentic American Center," the "American Consensus," in political policy. But Mr. Larson claimed too little for his man while claiming too much for his philosophy.

MR. EISENHOWER had a middle ground appeal, to be sure. But it was a mistake to interpret even the middle ground as composed primarily of devotees of the position Mr. Larson expressed; many Americans were in the middle not because they had a definite political position but because they didn't. In the first years of Mr. Eisenhower's popularity, these "middle-of-the-roaders" were plumping for Mr. Eisenhower without really knowing whether he was middle-of-the-road or not. They sought a man. It was the aboveness of that man and not just the middleness that created the Eisenhower phenomenon.

That major theme may have drowned out the others. One might even find a touch of pathos in Mr. Eisenhower's valiant but vain effort to make his principles catch up with his popularity. He has made speeches expounding a dynamically conservative middle-of-the-road philosophy, but the applause regularly has been greater when he is first introduced, before he has said a single middle-of-the-road word, than after he has spoken. His untouchable aboveness not only has outdistanced the popularity of his program and philosophy, it may even have impeded it.

The popularity of Mr. Eisenhower expresses the desire to avoid policies and ideas, to depend on a man, to get away from complexity that prevents the development of American political philosophies, including Mr. Eisenhower's own. It detaches him from the unpopular Republicans, the disliked subordinates, and the unfortunate policies with which the Democrats have tried vainly to connect him. But it has detached him, too, from fellow candidates, from the programs, and the political philosophy with which the Republicans have wanted to connect him. The Republican campaigners themselves have used and increased, as their strongest weapon, the suprapolitical appeal of Mr. Eisenhower, thereby hurting themselves. In the 1956 elections the party ran a humiliating seven million votes behind its leader, and it seems to be running farther behind all the time. It may be that the G.O.P.'s worst enemy has been its own hero.

AS TO THE PEOPLE generally, polls show that the hero still is popular, but reporters notice an odd reticence: people would rather not talk about him. For Mr. Eisenhower is not just another President, but the embodiment of the American illusion that there can be an escape from politics. The perilous times we are living in and Mr. Eisenhower's own record make for the death of this illusion. But it is a painful death.

De Sapio's Big Moment, Or, The Rout of the Innocents

ROBERT BENDINER

IN THE PERFORMANCE of New York's Democratic statesmen this fall, it is harder than usual to detect traces of what is too grandly called the science of politics. One need not, going to the other extreme, accept the Will Rogers dictum that "all politics is applesauce" to concede that in the making of the Democratic ticket at the party's state convention in Buffalo last month, science of any kind was less in evidence than the simple weaknesses of men—ambivalence, poor guesswork, pique, and plain ineptitude. To explain a procedure that has forced a breach between Governor Averell Harriman and the city machines of New York and Buffalo, that has put a severe strain on the Democrats' alliance with the Liberal Party and completely frustrated the independent voters of the state, several deep theories have been advanced. But as somebody once remarked in another context, there's less here than meets the eye.

Why did Carmine De Sapio, the reputedly shrewd leader of Tammany Hall, insist on District Attorney Frank S. Hogan for the senatorial nomination when the governor, the Democratic state chairman, and the mayor of New York had clearly indicated a preference for either Thomas K. Finletter, a former Secretary of the Air Force, or Thomas E. Murray, a former member of the Atomic Energy Commission?

NORMALLY a city boss cares little about a senatorship, which involves hardly any patronage, and a great deal about the governorship, which is a major source of that vital commodity. "Protect the barn," the saying goes, "and the hell with the cornfields." But De Sapio is more than the chief of Tammany Hall; he is a Democratic national committeeman, and one with the ambitions of a Warwick. As such he is a mover and shaker at his party's national conventions, where a U.S. senator in his corner and politically obligated to him is no mean asset.

At the same time, it is pointed out, Mr. Hogan's departure for Washington would open up the patronage of the district attorney's office, where some seventy assistant

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prosecutors hold office without benefit of civil service. If this were the motivating factor, however, it is inconceivable that De Sapio would have pressed his choice to the point where an irate governor would in the end frustrate his very objective. If Hogan wins, Harriman will replace him with Francis W. H. Adams, a maverick who can be counted on to appoint his assistant prosecutors without any help from Tammany. It is even possible that Adams will make life harder than it has been for some of those "unsavory characters," as Hogan himself once called them, who have testified to their friendship with De Sapio in the days before "the Bishop," as he is sometimes known nowadays, was concerned with elevating the moral tone of Tammany Hall.

The Search for Lost Sheep

While prestige and patronage were no doubt added attractions, they hardly explain De Sapio's strong preference for Hogan, a preference which, incidentally, he made known to reporters as early as last March. The consensus of the professionals with whom I talked, as distinct from the theoreticians, was that De Sapio was governed primarily by a simple political urge, namely, to check, while there was still a chance, the dangerous trend of Catholic voters toward Republicanism, especially of those Irish Americans who by the thousands have discovered political respectability in the suburbs.

In a city where for generations a brogue was almost a requisite for public office, the Irish have fallen on melancholy days. A Croker, a Murphy, even a Walker, could scarcely have foreseen a mayoralty campaign like that of 1950, in which the candidates were men named Pecora, Impellitteri, and Corsi. Today, with the Democrats in power in both Albany and New York, not one of the top seven offices in state and city is held by an Irish American, a condition that would have sent an old-time Tammany boss into exile and a life of repentance.

De Sapio has reason to feel with special weight the tactical obligation to pursue this lost vote because he has himself been heavily involved in its loss. Much of the present disaffection grew out of the fierce Irish-Italian feud within Tammany that brought De Sapio to the top and plagued him even after he got there. "I was the first leader *they* really gave the treatment to," he remarked bitterly years later. "I had to win three elections before they would seat me." Now that he has thoroughly absorbed his triumph, the time seemed ripe to woo back as many of the disaffected as possible—preferably, of course, without alienating the Liberal Party, whose alliance has become all but indispensable, or those New Deal Democrats for whom the traditional Tammany candidate has less appeal than a tub of lard.

De Sapio

For this purpose a party wheelhorse on the order of such past senatorial candidates as John Cashmore and Walter Lynch would obviously not do at all, but a Frank Hogan might do admirably. While not a man of broad political experience, he has prosecuted Manhattan crime for seventeen years without making a Dewey of himself and with such nonpartisan fairness and dispatch that all three parties have repeatedly united in his support. If he had little to say until now concerning questions of broad public policy, what he did say was generally on the side of enlightenment; also, he is an excellent speaker, and the tack he has adopted in the current campaign would take him well left of Center in the United States Senate.

As De Sapio's preference, then, Hogan was perfectly understandable, and the objections to Finletter equally so. No one I talked with denied Finletter's obvious advantage in experience and in familiarity with national and international problems. But on that lower level of politics where the crude question of winning or losing elections is paramount, he had several counts against him, some trifling and some wholly unworthy, but all of them telling none the less. He was austere, they said; he didn't recognize people and wouldn't smile at them as though he did; he was too cerebral, and he didn't slap precinct workers on the shoulder.

More damaging than these shortcomings, his nomination would have precluded that "balanced ticket" which has become such an obsession with New York politicians that it would be refreshing to vote for a slate made up of five Cherokees, all from Staten Island. "The trouble with Finletter was that he wouldn't have added a new dimension to the ticket," I was told by one of De Sapio's intellectual friends. Everything he had to offer was already being offered by Governor Harriman —cabinet experience, New Deal association, national prestige. Another informant rounded out the complaint: "For five state-wide offices," he explained, "you don't need more than one 'Wasp,'" a term which, I am glad I had to be told, stands for White Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

In Boss Charles Buckley's Bronx, I was informed, there was considerable feeling that if Jim Farley couldn't have the nomination, it should at least go to another Catholic rather than to Finletter. Farley himself denounced this attitude in the most forceful and colorful language that has so far graced the campaign, but it was a line of argument that could be picked up in almost any Democratic clubhouse in Brooklyn and Queens, and it seemed to be as prevalent among Jewish and Protestant party workers as among the Catholics themselves.

(*Continued on page 26*)

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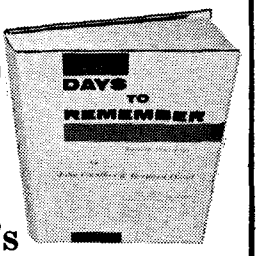

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In all the circumstances, it seems a bit farfetched to view De Sapio's inclination toward Hogan as evidence of a national pattern of revolt by Democratic machine politicians against the domination of the "eggheads," a theory now much in vogue. No doubt many a ward and precinct leader in New York thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle of Liberal Party leaders denouncing De Sapio while unhappily endorsing the man of his choice, but there is little reason to believe that this was more than a mere by-product in De Sapio's calculations. No political boss in his senses deliberately writes off what he has in order to win what he hasn't. But, figuring to stop well before such a loss is incurred, he will almost certainly move in that direction, simply to regain lost voters or attract new ones, if he thinks the political winds are favorable enough to allow a little maneuvering. They are supposedly very favorable to the Democrats this year, and it is this fact, I believe, that accounts for the choice of party regulars in Pennsylvania and Connecticut as well as in New York. At the slight risk of alienating some of the independent vote, which the Democrats have consistently held in recent years, the party machines in those states, too, have chosen to court orthodox backsliders by nominating David A. Lawrence over Richardson Dilworth and Thomas Dodd over Chester Bowles or William Benton. (Let it be noted, further, that these two sporadic politicians in Connecticut obliged the "regular" by fighting each other.)

It is on these three cases that Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., writing in the *New Republic*, builds what seems to me the farfetched thesis of the Anti-Egghead Rebellion, a thesis that reaches a romantic extreme in his judgment that "Tom Finletter's defeat in Buffalo was the New York County organization's revenge against the Lexington Democratic Club." A more plausible case can be made for the simple rule that the better the Democratic Party's chances, the less likely it is to court the marginal voter on the Left with nominees of prestige from outside its professional ranks. It was in 1948, a year of dismal Democratic expectations, that Adlai Stevenson, Paul Douglas, and Hubert Humphrey came into their own. It was in 1954, when there was every reason to expect Eisenhower to carry his first mid-term election, that Democratic nominations went to candidates like Richard Neuberger, George Leader, John Carroll, Edith Green, Orville Freeman, and Edmund Muskie. And even this year, in states where Democratic victories are problematical, eggheads and independents have won important nominations—among them Eugene McCarthy in Minnesota, Vance Hartke in Indiana, Michael DiSalle in Ohio, Professor Gale McGee in Wyoming, and Professor James M. Burns and John L. Saltonstall, both former A.D.A. state chairmen, in Massachusetts.

When Power Goes Abegging

To appreciate De Sapio's preference for Hogan, however, is a very different matter from understanding why he forced the nomination through with a battering ram. In theory, perhaps success was its own justification, but in fact he paid a high price, too high a price for it to have been deliberate. By defeating Harriman so glaringly at Buffalo, he humiliated the man who heads the party's state ticket and whom De Sapio himself has been patiently building up for the Presidential nomination. What he did to the governor was "inexcusable," one of Harriman's aides remarked bitterly. Another quoted the governor as having said, "This is the most broken moment of my life" as he left his hotel for the convention floor after having first announced that he would not even put in an appearance.

Mayor Wagner, too, was alienated to the point of threatening to cut off all city patronage to the Hall and to have been threatened, in turn, with opposition from organization Democrats in his own administration. De Sapio had handed the Republicans a telling issue for a campaign in which issues were hard to come by: that as long as Harriman was governor, the state would be run by a Tammany boss.

In the long run, the political consequences threatened to be even worse for De Sapio. He had opened a breach with the Liberal Party and other independent groups that clearly would be a long time in closing. "Three years ago," a Harriman man said to me, "De Sapio rated a cover story in *Time* magazine as a new type of Tammany leader; now his name is an ugly word. No one can do what he did to Averell Harriman and still be regarded as clean."

WHAT HE DID, in fact, was to line up for himself the power to name the party's nominee for senator. Why? Because, in good part, that power was lying about, waiting to be picked up by somebody. The governor, who had left no doubt about who was boss of the Democratic Party in New York two years ago, when delegates were being named to the Presidential convention, had made no comparable preparations for the Buffalo affair. A week before the convention he was rumored to favor Finletter, as the Liberal Party did, but the day before it met he denied that he was "pushing" the former Air Force Secretary's candidacy and announced that he had "taken no position on anyone." Even at that late date it appeared to Leo Egan, the New York *Times* reporter who had been as close to the picture as anyone, that De Sapio seemed to want Harriman to decide, while Harriman wanted to leave the choice to De Sapio and the other party leaders. When former Senator Lehman talked to Harriman from Zürich on the eve of the convention, the governor couldn't tell him anything more than "It is going to be an open convention" and "The delegates will make the decision."

In the circumstances De Sapio had little reason to feel that his own choice, backed up by the delegations from Erie County and the five boroughs of New York City, would evoke the bitter opposition that it did. He can hardly be blamed for having come prepared when no one else was, or for having assumed that the governor knew of his preparations, since they had been quite obvious for six months.

Triple Error

It was at this point, however, that personal miscalculations on all sides reduced the caucus of leaders to a level of amateur bungling. As one

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cynical reporter remarked, "Even the A.D.A. in its palmiest days never fouled up like this."

Three of these miscalculations were far-reaching. Harriman had been willing to let the question of the senate nomination slide precisely because he was certain that at the last minute Wagner would let himself be pressed into running, in which case the convention would give him an overwhelming vote and Harriman would have alienated nobody. He discounted entirely the mayor's repeated assertions that he was out of the running. Wagner's stark statement of August 5—"I would refuse a draft"—went almost as far as General Sherman's famous renunciation; but in spite of it, the governor was later to admit in private, "I overplayed my hand because I thought he'd run." What made him think so? Perhaps he recalled the night of his own election as governor in 1954, when reporters had asked if he would be a candidate for the Presidency in 1956 and he had answered categorically, "No —I am for Adlai Stevenson." But more likely it was Wagner's own behavior that led Harriman astray, and that brings us to the second miscalculation.

For all his disavowals, Wagner struck all the leaders at Buffalo, their staffs, and the press as well, as a man who half hoped and more than half expected that, without a word on his part, the convention would draft him and somehow release him from his pledge. Stanley Lowell, long his assistant and now his deputy mayor, told me circumspectly: "He felt a strong pull toward the Senate which had not changed from his long-held hope to succeed his father." Others put it more strongly. One found his denials "lacking in passion" and another had the impression that he was even "panting" for the nomination. Wagner resented De Sapio's deadlines for a final answer. He resented the list of candidates De Sapio had released to the press, on which his name did not appear. Above all, he resented the warnings of De Sapio and of Liberal Party Vice-Chairman Alex Rose that while he could have the nomination if he declared for it, the press would certainly crucify him for going back on his word. But he knew this was true, and he knew, too, that his family was strongly opposed to his running. Whether he blew hot and cold, as it appeared, or had really made up his mind from the start, his "irrevocable" rejection of the governor's pleas came little more than two hours before the final session of the convention.

After the Wagner debacle, both Harriman and the mayor abandoned Finletter for Murray, but it was extremely late to attempt a coup in favor of a man whom few of the delegates, or even the county leaders, had heard of until a week or so before, who was in frail health, moreover, and who at sixty-seven would have completed what the opposition could readily tag as an "old men's ticket." At the same time, here was De Sapio standing by with enough delegate strength to put Hogan over on the first ballot. For him to back down now, with all his bargains made and all his forces lined up, would have left him looking foolish. He assumed that Harriman, who had done so little for either Finletter or Murray when there was still time, would gracefully yield, according to the rules of the game. After all, it was De Sapio who four years ago had engineered the only electoral triumph in the governor's career.

But De Sapio, too, was wrong. It was his miscalculation, the third of the series, to ignore Harriman's patrician temperament and to underestimate his resentment. The governor had been humiliated by a Tammany boss, and he was not one to gloss over the affront. Hogan, in his hour of modified glory, went to the convention with the echoes of frustrated anger in his ears rather than a soft blessing from the head of the ticket.

Adding to Harriman's agony, the De Sapio forces then handed the nomination for attorney general to Peter V. Crotty, a mediocrity at best and a man whom both the governor and the Liberal Party had pointedly omitted from their lists of acceptable candidates for the job. Whether this final act was one of spite or, more likely, the prearranged price paid by De Sapio for the Buffalo delegation's help, it had all the appearance of a gratuitous display of power. At the same time, however, it set up an admirable lightning rod for grounding the indignation of the liberals. They could effectively demonstrate their repudiation of De Sapio by cutting Crotty instead of hurting Frank Hogan's chances of going to the Senate.

Nobody Wins

The result may be hard on Crotty, a combination of labor lawyer and party boss, who some highly respectable liberals feel has undeservedly been made the goat of the campaign, but it will certainly be put down to the credit of the Liberal Party that it refused to take out its understandable resentment at Hogan's expense. His Republican opponent, Kenneth Keating, may not be quite "the Knowland of the East," as Alex Rose quickly dubbed him, but clearly no purpose of the Liberal Party could be served by helping to elect a man who launched his campaign with the propositions that what the country needed was tighter passport controls and a curb on the Supreme Court. As Adolf Berle put it to his party colleagues, "We'd be saving our liberal consciences at the expense of the liberal cause."

The irony of this principled position is that while the popular and highly regarded Nelson Rockefeller may well divide the independent vote with Harriman, Keating, who has evidently been assigned to keep the right wing of the G.O.P. happy, is not expected to take many normally Democratic votes away from Hogan. If such expectations are borne out—and they are widely shared—Mr. Hogan will run well ahead of the governor. And either the Liberal Party or Tammany Hall will then claim a kind of intramural triumph, depending on how much of the Hogan vote is delivered on the Liberal rather than the Democratic line.

If a theory must be derived from this jumble of crossed wires, it would not seem to be anything so elaborate as a revolt of the Know-Nothings against the eggheads, but rather the simple proposition that in politics battles are rarely won, they are lost. If De Sapio didn't win in Buffalo, Harriman certainly lost.

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The Communists Probe India's Soft Spots

GORDON SHEPHERD

THE BRITISH-TRAINED Indian official whose job was to stop Communist subversion in his country lived up to the maxim that all security chiefs should look like something else. With his white coat, faintly antiseptic odor, and soothing smile, he would have passed anywhere for a prosperous dentist.

His elusiveness had been as appropriate as his anonymity. His surname and a New Delhi telephone number had been scribbled on the back of a visiting card for me a month previously, at a dinner party back in Europe. The name printed on the front of that card turned out to be a magical one to mention in the Indian capital. Even so, a meeting was arranged only after I had told my life story over the telephone to the first number and then was given another one to call. Then the interview was fixed for after dusk at a two-story bungalow hidden in a desert of sand-suffocated grass on the road to Palam airport.

The Riddle of the Black Rupee

Once we were settled in our cane chairs and the whiskey was on the rocks, my host proved refreshingly outspoken. There was no attempt to play down either India's vulnerability to Communism or the efforts now being launched from both Moscow and Peking to exploit that vulnerability. Here was a man who knew from daily experience that international Communism was not just a fanatical religion without a God. Ten thousand special police reports had taught him that it was a political conspiracy as well—a conspiracy which, in the past few years, had begun to reach out all over the Indian subcontinent.

We eventually got around to the key question: Where are India's Communists getting their money? I mentioned that, allegedly, one of many illegal channels was the Soviet diplomatic courier from Kabul in neighboring Afghanistan, who made regular flights down to New Delhi with a sack of "black" rupees among the sealed official mail.

"So you heard about that. Yes, we suspect that goes on. But it is only one of many foreign channels through which Communist money has come in. And as fast as we block one channel, another is opened up."

Again I was reminded of a dentist as he then proceeded to tick off some of the dangers disposed of or still threatening, like so many bad molars that had been extracted from the body politic or called for further treatment.

"The Russians started off with the old trick of accumulating trade credits in Indian banks which they could transfer into local Communist funds. This we promptly stopped by a Reserve Bank of India order blocking all these accounts and making them nontransferable anywhere in India without the prior approval of Delhi. The next dodge was with Soviet or satellite exhibits for our trade fairs. Costly machinery was brought in and sold when the fair was over to 'private buyers.' As often as not, these buyers turned out to be Communist agents who got the machinery for next to nothing and promptly resold it at ten times the price on the normal market. Part of the resulting profit found its way into party funds. This we checked by registering all industrial fair exhibits as they entered the country and ordering that they could only be sold afterwards either to the government direct or to an approved dealer.

"SMUGGLING? Well, that's on a terrific scale and most of it is for private gain. But part at least of the gold and dope running probably has Communist money behind it outside India. And certainly some of the final turnover finds its way into Communist pockets inside India. A favorite dope route is through Goa, the Portuguese enclave halfway down our west coast. Their runners bring it in the hard way through jungles where a man can scarcely move for leeches. The gold also comes in on the west coast, especially near Arabian Sea ports like Cochin. Dhows bring it down from the Persian Gulf, unloading it on sandbanks before they come in for inspection, and picking it up later by rowing out with muffled oars on moonless nights.

"An even trickier business is the semi-official contribution of the Kerala Communist government. We reckon that during the first twelve months of Communist rule in Kerala the local party bosses have siphoned off thousands of dollars' worth of rupees for the central funds. Not much yet, but that's only the beginning, and as this is high politics, there is little we security people can do about it.

"In some ways the worst menace of all is the outside Communist literature that's now flooding the country. I don't know whether you people in the West realize that one Russian organization alone—the Foreign Language Publishing House in Moscow—is now pumping more than four million subsidized books a year into India. They are sold here for a mere song. But the proceeds of four million mere songs adds up, and the Indian Communist Party gets a handsome revenue out of it. That is something you can go into for yourself. And you won't have to move very far from this bungalow for evidence."

Hans Marxist Andersen

He proved right there. It was just before eight when our talk ended, and New Delhi's bookstalls were still open. So I drove straight to Connaught Circus—an enormous shopping center the size of ten bull rings in the heart of the capital—and walked around its colonnaded circumference. English-language books were everywhere—displayed in almost every other shop window and spread out on the pavements like an untidy mosaic that gleamed under the sputtering acetylene lamps of the vendors. Every third volume seemed to have come from Moscow, Peking, Prague, or Bucharest.

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Most were English translations of Russian classics, and only occasionally was an outright Marxist tract displayed. The main propaganda punch was packed halfway between these levels. One example was a lavishly illustrated and beautifully printed space book for twelve-year-olds called *Travel to Distant Worlds*, which had been translated from the Soviet original of Karl Gilzin. I bought it for just under fifty cents. An international publisher to whom I showed it told me sorrowfully that it was undercutting the commercial market by at least a dollar and a half.

The technique was as effective as the price. Its method was to present air and space travel as an exclusively Russian achievement all the way from the tenth century (when Russians "first used rockets for military purposes"), up to the 1957 Sputniks and so on into the future when, in the last chapter, little Soviet boys and girls chosen for their good Communist behavior were depicted gathering excitedly in the Moscow Planetarium for their first flight to the moon. Isaac Newton won a brief mention in this survey for adding to Peter the Great's knowledge about gravity; the Wright brothers didn't get in at all.

Equally ingenious were the Soviet fairy tales that had been specially translated into English by the "Tiny Tots Department" of the Moscow Publishing House. On good paper and with plenty of colored pictures, they sold at the heavily subsidized price of about five cents a copy, which even the village worker could afford. In all the fables, the kindly bear worked overtime saving the neutral or noncommitted Tiny Tots of this world from the clutches of a voracious eagle.

A WORRIED American diplomat in New Delhi confirmed the security chief's figures about Communist literature and gave me many more statistics his department had been quietly collecting. He had in fact just completed an urgent report for the State Department on this particular problem. It ended with a plea for more funds to enable the U.S. Information Service to fight back on at least some of these propaganda fronts.

The most startling revelation was the rise in Soviet book dumping over the past four years. The current total of about four million volumes compared with 2,900,000 for 1957. But for 1956 the figures had been only six titles with 79,000 copies and for 1955 two titles with 17,000 copies.

"The menace is by no means confined to this English-language stuff," the American official pointed out. "Both the Russians and the Chinese are also laying significant emphasis on the Indian vernacular tongues. Twenty-three new Russian books have just appeared in Tamil, for example, the main language of

southern India. The Soviet Embassy here puts out a fortnightly called *Soviet Land*. Of the 200,000 copies per issue only about 30,000 seem to be in English. We estimate that 33,000 are in Hindi, 34,000 in Bengali (the Communist chances seem rosy in Bengal), while at least as many appear in Malayalam, Telugu, and Kannada, the three tongues of Communist-ruled Kerala. Everything the Russians do in this line points to vast expenditure and long-term planning. Their propaganda books in Urdu, for example, are machine-set. Even in India you will rarely find Urdu publications that are not just hand-set.

"And the whole business is, of course, two-edged. The books themselves do the propaganda damage, and the money they take in enables the local Communists to get up to more mischief."

A week later at Bangalore, down in the beautiful south Indian state of Mysore, I got an unexpected insight into how the "mischief" worked. The day I arrived, the giant Hindustan Aircraft Plant on the city's outskirts had resumed work after a sit-down strike followed by a management lockout. Mr. Srinagesh, a distinguished Indian Civil Service official who had been appointed to run the plant, told me how the trouble had developed. The agitation and mob violence that touched off the dispute had been led by trained Communist agents. Police interrogations showed that some had been sent over from Madras and even down from New Delhi for the purpose. For three weeks, nearly eleven thousand workers had been idle. And for three weeks, in an attempt to keep the strike going, Communist agents had been active throughout Bangalore, distributing liberal bribes and "compensation" to the men.

"I don't know where all this money came from," Srinagesh ended grimly, "but I do know that the one-horse Communist Party of Mysore could never have raised it. In my opinion, what we have just fought off here is the Communists' first bid to paralyze India's only aircraft plant and thus to try and dominate organized industrial labor in the whole of the backward and discontented South. They failed this time. But they will try again."

The Confident Keralan

After all this, the underground threat of Indian Communism emerged clear and ominous enough. What was its open threat as a legal party, operating within India's liberal constitution?

As my next stop was in neighboring Kerala, the only democratically elected Communist state in the world, I was able to put this question to E. M. S. Namboodiripad, the Keralan chief minister and member of the all-Indian Communist Politburo. I spent more than an hour with this earnest, stuttering ex-Brahman in his modern villa perched on a palm-tree rise near Trivandrum, the state capital.

There was little of the conventional Communist about him, and his office had none of the usual

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Marxist paraphernalia. The only pictures were a photo of Gandhi in his loincloth, faced by a three-quarter-length portrait of the last Maharajah of Travancore, complete with jeweled cloak and feathered turban. But the tactics he revealed were identical with those which I had often seen in operation in that great Communist empire whose centers lay across the Himalayas many thousand miles to the north. What Namboodiripad proceeded to outline was in fact the famous "salami process" of Mátyás Rákosi, Hungary's former Stalinist leader—the technique of devouring the democratic opposition slice by slice.

"We shall be the masters of India perhaps within the next twenty years, and anyway within the next fifty," he assured me as blandly as his speech impediment would allow. "Two roads to power are open to us, and we are progressing along both. The first is to strengthen our influence in the other Indian parties—above all the Socialist groups and the progressive wing of Congress. Do not be misled by the contempt which they pretend to show for us in public. All of them are discontented, and big changes are brewing in their ranks. Our second method is to continue the work we have started here in Kerala and win India state by state. Andhra, Orissa, Bombay, and West Bengal should all fall into our lap within the next two general elections. West Bengal will probably be the first to go, and when you get to Calcutta you can tell that to my colleague Dr. Roy, the Congress chief minister there."

The Ten-Cent Marchers

A fortnight later, I had exchanged the palm forests of Kerala for the famous "Maidan" of Calcutta, a huge heat-scorched park stretched like a brown parchment across the city center. I soon had a chance to deliver Namboodiripad's message personally to Bengal's veteran "strong man," right-wing Congress leader and Chief Minister Dr. Bidan Chandra Roy. Dr. Roy looked like a rather tired political lion, but he did all the roaring expected of him.

He dismissed the Kerala prediction as wishful thinking. He was confident that the Congress Party would hold the key province of West Bengal—the heavy industrial center of the whole subcontinent. But he was careful to add that if strong "outside influences" were brought to bear at polling time, "There is no telling what political explosion might happen."

A walk through the soft asphalt streets of Calcutta, where tens of thousands of diseased beggars and penniless refugees from neighboring East Pakistan used the pavements for their dormitories, showed where the gunpowder for Dr. Roy's explosion was to be found. And a look at the sleek, well-guarded premises of the Soviet economic mission in Calcutta indicated where the fuses

might be. Few Indians were naïve enough to believe that all of its three hundred-odd members were engaged solely in promoting Russia's commercial interests. New Delhi's concern had been reflected in recent official soundings about the possibility of reducing the mission in size and moving it from Calcutta, the Achilles' heel of Indian democracy.

The exploitation of Calcutta's destitute masses by the strong local Communist Party was already plain to see. "Protest marches" of the underfed refugees had become a regular feature of the city's traffic. In nearly all cases, the demonstrators were weary columns of apathetic wretches, paid ten cents a day by the Communists to parade their ragged misery in public and shout anti-Congress slogans at a signal from the prosperous-looking "cheer leaders."

What can stop international Communism from spreading all over this great subcontinent? The Indians naturally put first appeals for more western aid—aid to fulfill the Five-Year Plan, whose ambitious targets are already perilously threatened.

Approaching the Waterfall?

Vital though such aid is, it would be naïve to assume that India can be insulated from Communism simply by wrapping its economy tightly enough in dollar bills. India's future in freedom can only, in fact, be assured if its material progress, helped from the outside, is matched by a spiritual revival started from within. The Congress Party forms the only platform wide enough for such a movement, and Nehru is the only figure big enough to launch it. Yet, as things stand at the moment, Congress is in a sorry way. Discredited by corruption, weakened by splits in the central and provincial leaderships, losing contact with India's youth, it resembles, after its decade of unchallenged power, a giant oak whose trunk is rotten but whose shadows are still broad enough to stunt any new growth underneath.

To many Indians, this growing weakness of Congress is even more disturbing than the increasing vigor of Communism. And Nehru's younger lieutenants deplore the seeming immobility of their leaders in the face of this. As one put it: "All of them, even Pandit Nehru, are sitting on a log raft approaching a waterfall, but they are too dazed by the roar to lift a finger."

IN AN HOUR'S TALK with me, Nehru made no attempt to dodge this issue. "Our real trouble," he said with a sigh, "is that we have been in office far too long. The danger now is that we have begun to compromise with other groups who could discredit us, simply in order to hang on to our majorities. In my mind this is a far more serious business than being defeated in individual states. There is a danger of this in Calcutta, which might go the way of Kerala. Nobody can look even a generation ahead. But I think there is a hidden dignity and a hidden strength in my people which will always stop India from going Communist altogether."

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The People Of the Black Tents

JAMES D. LUNT

SOME YEARS AGO in Amman I was interviewed by a quiet-spoken and unpretentious Englishman wearing a strawberry-colored Arab headdress and looking like someone out of the Book of Judges. It was my first meeting with Glubb Pasha. He told me that I had been assigned to the Arab Legion by the British Army and that I was to command a regiment of Bedouin for the King of Jordan.

Five hundred of these Bedouin, together with trucks and other military equipment, were awaiting my arrival at the nearby Arab Legion post at Zerka. I was to be provided with no British assistance and must therefore undertake to learn Arabic as soon as possible. Then, after a brief sketch of the history of the Arab Legion and Jordan, General Glubb bowed me courteously out of his office.

During the years that followed, I lived for most of the time as the sole Englishman among some seven or eight hundred Bedouin soldiers.

The Wolf Is Welcome

They came from more than forty different tribes and many of them were not citizens of Jordan. Some came from far afield—the Dhafir from Iraq, the Ajman from Kuwait, and the Mutair from the borders of the "Empty Quarter" in southern Saudi Arabia. They came from nations and tribes and families at bitter enmity with each other, but all differences were sunk while they were serving in the Arab Legion.

When they went on leave, however, or were discharged from the army, blood feuds could be taken up again, and an eye claimed for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. I remember how one soldier, while cleaning his rifle, accidentally pressed the trigger and killed a comrade. The inquiry freed him from blame but the man deserted the same night. He knew that the relatives of the dead man were honor bound to claim his life in forfeit. This they did, six months later, having followed him halfway across Arabia—and they killed his father, too.

From the most trivial of beginnings, a feud can persist for generations, like the one raging among the Howeitat tribe of southern Jordan. Many years ago, during a time of prolonged drought, the tribe's flocks were being decimated by marauding wolves. One stifling afternoon, while the sheik was resting in his tent, an emaciated wolf crept inside and lay gasping in the shade. The sheik's son was about to kill it when his father restrained him. "It has come to seek sanctuary under our heel," he said. "It is our guest," and he gave the exhausted animal a drink of water.

Later that same afternoon another member of the tribe, who had lost several sheep to the wolves, visited the sheik and saw the wolf lying in the shade. He drew his dagger to slay it but the sheik struck his arm aside. The two men argued and almost came to blows, but the sheik was stubbornly insistent that the wolf was his guest and therefore was entitled to the protection that every host must give his guest under the desert code. The other Arab went back to his tent and sat there, rifle across his knees, until in the cool of evening the wolf got up, stretched, and walked outside. As it did so a shot rang out and the wolf fell dead across the threshold. Almost immediately there was a second shot and the slayer of the wolf lay dead himself. The sheik had shot him, calling out, "You have killed the guest of my tent." The feud continues to this day.

BEDOUIN HOSPITALITY can create rather special problems. Once, during an incident on a patrol along the Jordanian-Israeli frontier, I had gone forward to stop my men firing. The road to the border was dead straight and unpleasantly exposed. I decided to walk the last mile in a ditch beside the road and got out of my jeep, ordering my driver, a Bedouin from the Hejaz, to stay with it. I had gone only a few yards when I heard his boots clumping along the tarmac behind me, followed by the sound of machine-gun bullets that came whistling above our heads. I ordered him back but he refused to go. "How can I leave you?" he asked. "You have been the guest in my tent, and your blood is on my head."

Nomad and Settler

The artificial states into which Arabia has been carved up mean little to the Bedouins. They are, they told me, the only true citizens of Arabia, following their herds from pasture to pasture, and owing allegiance to none but their own sheiks.

Each tribe has its own well-defined territory over which it may graze its animals. It will resist any attempt by another tribe to enter its territory, save in a famine year, or when the locusts have passed and stripped every blade of grass and bush. Then, and then only, will a tribe be allowed to graze in the territory of another. This division of the desert into tribal grazing grounds has always to some extent circumscribed a Bedouin tribe's movements, some of them circling in an area of only a hundred square miles, and this has now been further complicated by international boundaries that frequently cut across a tribe's territory. The Ruwallah, for instance, in their annual migrations move from Syria into Jordan, and then across Iraqi territory into Saudi Arabia.

None of the governments over whose territory they wander has yet been able to carry out a reliable census or impose a correct tax on its Bedouin. A tribe will describe itself as of so many tents, leaving it to the imagination to determine whether each tent contains two, five, or even twenty-five inhabitants. Great tribes, like the Ruwallah or the Shammar of Saudi Arabia and Iraq, may claim fourteen thousand or more tents, while a small tribe like the Beni Hassan of Jordan may number no more than three hundred.

The tribesmen play hide-and-seek

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with the taxgatherers in each country; and now that the days of raiding are over, avoidance of taxation is their main amusement. Alternately simple and shrewd, hospitable yet avaricious, they possess a sense of humor curiously akin to the American's or Englishman's. Once I asked an old sheik to lend me a horse, promising I would stable and feed it. "By all means," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "but will you at the same time lend me a car on condition that I provide it with oil and gasoline?"

UNTIL quite recent times the history of Arabia has been mainly the struggle between the nomad and the settler, between the desert and the sown ground. Overpopulation in the fertile areas, particularly in the highlands of southern Arabia, has squeezed out whole families, and at times even complete tribes, who are then left to wander in the desert as nomads.

This process has not ended yet, as I was to discover early in 1953. I had stopped outside a black goat's-hair tent, pitched in a rocky valley on the Jordanian-Iraqi frontier. I was astonished to be welcomed in perfect English by the owner. He told me that he was a Palestinian Arab, a refugee from Haifa, who had been a government official during the British mandate. Unwilling to subsist on charity, he had taken to the desert as had his forebears. His family had found it a rugged existence at first but they had gotten used to it. "We came from the desert," he said, "and we have returned to the desert. Some day we shall leave it again for the sown ground."

Tribes have united to form great confederations like the Shammar and Anizeh, and then have fought to extend their grazing grounds and increase their herds. The struggle between the Anizeh and the Shammar was the dominant theme in central Arabia for over a century and smolders to this day. During the nineteenth century the Shammar, under their sheik ibn Rashid, were in the ascendant. Then the opposing Anizeh produced the greatest Bedouin of this century, ibn Saud, and in 1920 he drove the Shammar in flight out of the Nejd. Captain Glubb, then a young Engineer officer, got his first sight of the Bedouin as he stood beside the pontoon bridge at Ramadi and watched the tribe fleeing across the Euphrates. The Anizeh of ibn Saud now rule Saudi Arabia, but if ever there is a revolution there, as has been the case so recently in Iraq, the Shammar are certain to support the rebels.

A Desert Canute

War has always been regarded in Arabia as the most honorable profession a man can follow, but war became an unprofitable pursuit when camels, swords, and spears had to be pitted against planes, machine guns, and armored cars. Tribal raiding began to die out during the 1930's. In Saudi Arabia, King ibn Saud tamed his tribesmen by the immemorial Arabian method of buying off the sheiks and paying them bribes so that they would feel they had a stake in peace. In Jordan, a different method was tried. Glubb began by enlisting the Bedouin into the Desert Patrol of the Arab Legion in order to teach them to police themselves. Then he founded schools in the desert, encouraging the Bedouin to learn to read and write. Finally, with the assistance of the Point Four program, the nomad was encouraged to make the great change from a pastoral to a settled form of life.

By no means did every Bedouin view these efforts with approval. A few years ago an American team was plowing up stretches of the Jordan desert and constructing reservoirs in the hopes that the local Bedouin would settle on the land. Some of the land belonged to a minor sheik of the Beni Sakr tribe who clung with fanatical obstinacy to the ways of his ancestors. But on one visit I found him highly elated. When I asked why, he took me to a hill beyond his tent and waved his hand towards the plowed-up desert in the distance. The tractors that had been working there had vanished, as had the air-conditioned caravans that housed the American and Arab technicians. I asked where they had gone.

"They have run away," he said, bristling with self-satisfaction. "I warned them that if they continued to plow up my camel pastures, I would kill them. They paid no heed, so three nights ago I crept up to their tents and fired into them. They fled into the night, and, if Allah wills, they will never return. What need have we Bedouin for fields and houses when we have our flocks and tents!"

For every Bedouin of this disposition there are, however, hundreds who are weary of the ceaseless struggle with nature that a nomad life entails. The tragedy of their drift to the towns is that the Bedouin, once divorced from the code which governs his life in the desert, becomes just another rootless and discontented Arab. The Spartan life of the tent may have inured him to extremes of heat and cold, but it has rendered him doubly susceptible to the twin scourges of any Eastern bazaar—tuberculosis and venereal disease. Tuberculosis is almost unknown among the black tents in the desert, which probably explains why the Bedouin in the city catches it so quickly.

THE DESERT Bedouin's life revolves around his camels. He rears his family, his mare, his hunting salukis, and himself on camel's milk. Without it, he would probably die. It is strong-tasting stuff with the effect of castor oil on the unaccustomed stomach, and its taste is not improved by the fact that it is usually drunk out of a bowl that has never been washed. The Bedouin never tires of talking about his camels, and he has as many breeds as we have of cows. The Mutair tribe of Saudi Arabia have a special breed of black camels that they call the *Sharaf*, or Honor. In the old days the Mutair used to drive these camels in the van of the battle, and the warriors would fight to the death to prevent their capture. They served the same purpose that the British or American regimental flags and standards did.

Even the day of the camel is passing, however, as the desert is crisscrossed by trucks and busses. There is no longer a good market for camels in India and Africa and many of the great camel-breeding tribes, like the Sherarat, are going out of business.

For most of the year the Bedouin exist on camel's milk, dates, and

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TOPOLSKI's CHRONICLE

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unleavened bread. Meat is a rarity, unless they kill a lamb or a kid for a guest, and one young recruit told me he had not eaten meat for a year before he joined the Legion. It is so much a luxury that they would stuff themselves with boiled goat from the camp kitchens and sit drooling over the stringy mess for all the world like gourmets sampling larks' tongues in Rome. When I went out hunting or hawking with them and we brought home bustards or partridges for the pot, they made no attempt to dress them, merely throwing the birds onto the fire, beaks, feathers, and all, and then devouring the charred flesh with apparent relish.

Bedouin literature is mainly concerned with love and war. The Bedouin code makes women and children sacred, not to be touched even in the heat of battle. The killing of a woman is a shameful thing, and the blood money payable for a woman, even if the killing was accidental, is four times that for a man.

This solicitude does not stem from pure chivalry, however. The Bedouin women live a desperately hard life. The men hardly ever soil their palms with work, spending their days gossiping around the coffee hearth or hunting the gazelle. The women do all the work. At fifteen they are gay, laughing, fresh-cheeked creatures, their hair hanging in plaits on either side of their faces. Ten years later they are aging fast, and by thirty-five they are withered crones. They pitch the tents, load the camels, collect the fuel, spin the wool, and bear children at the rate of one a year until nature mercifully steps in to halt the process.

Jinn and Jeopardy

Mohammedan in religion but pagan in thought is one way of describing the Bedouin's attitude towards Islam. He can be fanatical at times, and a strong streak of superstition runs through his nature. The stories he tells around the coffee hearth at night are full of ghosts, jinn, and other evil spirits.

Returning across the desert from maneuvers one night, we accidentally injured a wolf cub that had sprung out of the bushes. I prevented the soldiers from killing it and took it back to camp, putting it in the officers' bathhouse, the least-used building in the camp since no water had been provided for it.

A FEW DAYS LATER one of my soldiers, Abdullah ibn Feisal, asked me for leave. He was a woebegone and cadaverous individual, his eyes sunk deep into his head. My Bedouin adjutant pointed out that Abdullah came from an Iraqi tribe and had been home on leave the previous year. Regulations in the Arab Legion permitted leave outside Jordan only once in three years and they were strictly applied. When I told Abdullah this, he emitted a ghastly groan and said he might just as well make up his mind to die.

He went on to say that an enemy of his had put a spell on him that was turning his blood to water. Each night might turn out to be his last. It was vital that he should visit the sheik of his tribe and get a spell to counteract his enemy's. My adjutant asked why he didn't write for one instead, whereupon Abdullah, displaying considerably more spirit, said witheringly, "Have you ever heard of a spell being sent by post?"

I promised to do my best for him, but headquarters were adamant against letting him have more leave. I tried the doctors and they said there was nothing wrong with Abdullah, though he would probably die. Due to go on leave myself then, I rather forgot about Abdullah. When I returned, my first inquiry was about the wolf cub, which had been mending nicely before I left. The adjutant was evasive but finally broke down and confessed that the wolf was dead. I assumed that the men had killed it rather than let me return it to the desert. "That is not so, *ya sidi,*" he protested when I accused him. "We did not touch the wolf—it was that child of the devil, Abdullah, who murdered Your Honor's wolf."

Abdullah was accordingly marched in front of me for punishment, charged with killing the colonel's wolf. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him. Instead of the miserable creature of a few weeks before, he was jaunty and bright-eyed, and grinning all over his face. I read out the charge and asked him what he had to say.

"Alas, Your Honor, it is true," he said, "but when Your Honor refused me leave, my heart died within me, for in sooth each night I was dying a little more. So I went to the *sukh* and consulted a wise man who told me I would surely die unless I could obtain the strength and endurance of a beast of prey. At first I thought of stealing one of your hawks, but then I knew that this would bring great sorrow on Your Honor and lasting shame upon me. Better to die than that.

"Then one night, when I was a sentry, I remembered the wolf. Secretly I went to the bathhouse and slew it with one blow. I concealed the body under my coat until my duty was over, and then I took it to the far side of the camp. There I cooked it in a pot over a Primus stove, and then, as the wise man had told me to do, I ate it. *Wallahi!* Its taste was nasty and very, very bitter. But look at me now. My health is restored, and my courage is that of a wild beast, so that I no longer care whether Your Honor sends me to prison or not!"

DESPITE the changes that are taking place in front of their eyes, many Bedouin find it hard to believe that life in England or America is any different from their own. One of them, sympathizing with me on having to leave Jordan, consoled me thus: "Never mind, *ya sidi,* think how your camels will have increased and multiplied since you saw them last in London!"

Living a life that has not altered in its essentials since the time of Abraham, the Bedouin are nonetheless inextricably involved in the power politics that the discovery of oil has brought to Arabia.

Today the young Bedouin are flocking to the oil installations, the towns, and the cities, and the older men are turning reluctantly to the spade and the plow. The old men still dream dreams around the coffee hearth and tell of the brave old days when they rode out raiding on their camels. But like the Eskimo in his skin tent pitched alongside the radar towers of the Distant Early Warning System, the Bedouin in his black tent under the shadow of the oil derricks must come to terms with the twentieth century.

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Children of the Harvest

A reminiscence of childhood travels

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

ON A SUFFOCATING summer day in 1937, the thirteenth year of drought and the seventh year of depression, with our mouths, nostrils, and eyes full of the dust blowing from our bare fields, my family sold to our neighbors at auction most of the accoutrements of our existence. Then we loaded what was left into a trailer my father had made and drove West to find water and survival on the Washington coast.

During the auction the two classmates with whom I had just finished the fourth grade hung about the desultory bidders giving me looks of respect and undisguised envy. They envied me not so much for the things they could imagine as for the things they couldn't—the unimaginable distance I was going and the unimaginable things along it and at the end of it.

HOW COULD any of us have imagined an end to the prairie's limitless sky and the giddy encroachments rising higher and higher against that sky that were the Rocky Mountains? How could we have imagined how in burning summer the forested profiles of the Cascades could echo everywhere the shouts of white falls above us and green rivers below? Who could have imagined, once confronted with their gray expanse, that the waters of Puget Sound were not actually the Pacific, but only a minute stray squiggle of it? Who, finally, could have imagined that there were so many people in the world or that the world could offer them so hospitable a habitation?

There were so many things I could scarcely believe even when I was doing them or looking at them or eating them. We lived in a cabin on an island for a few weeks after we arrived, and it always seemed impossible to me that we could be surrounded by so much water. I spent every moment of the hour-long ferry trip from the mainland hanging over the rail gazing down at the exhilarating wake of my first boat ride. The island was exactly what any island should be—lavish green acres covered with woods and orchards and fields of berries, ringed by glistening sandy beaches richly stocked with

driftwood. Once in North Dakota my aunt had brought a very small basket of black cherries to my grandfather's house, and I had made the four or five that were my share last all afternoon. I would take tiny bites of each cherry, then suck the pit and roll it around with my tongue to get the faint remaining taste, till it came out as clean and smooth as a brook-bottom pebble. But on the island I would climb into the trees with my five-year-old sister and have contests with her, seeing which of us could get the most cherries in our mouths at once. Then we would shoot the wet pits, no longer hungrily scoured of their slipperiness, at each other and at the robins who perched above us. Sometimes I would go into the fields with my mother and father and spend an hour helping pick raspberries or blackberries or loganberries or any of the other things they worked in, but there were really only two important things to do—play on the beaches and eat fruit.

It didn't occur to me that things would ever be different again, but one day early in August the last berry was picked and we took the ferry into Seattle, where we bought a big brown tent and a gas stove. We added them to our trailer load and drove back over the green-and-white Cascades, beneath the glacial sunrise face of Mount Rainier, and down into the sweaty outdoor factory that is the Yakima Valley. There the Yakima River is bled for transfusions to the millions of rows of roots, its depleted currents finally dragging themselves muddily to their relieved merger with the undiminishable Columbia. One can follow the Yakima for miles and miles and see nothing but irrigated fields and orchards—and the gaunt camps of transient laborers.

THE WORKERS come like a horde of salvaging locusts, stripping a field, moving to the next, filling their boxes or crates or sacks, weighing in, collecting the bonuses offered to entice them to stay till the end of the season, and disappearing again. They spend their repetitive days in rows of things to be picked and their sweltering nights in rows of tents and trailers. We pitched our tent beside the others, far from our pleasant island where the owners of the fields were neighbors who invited my sister and me among their cherry trees. Here the sauntering owners and their bristling foreman never smiled at those children who ran through the fields playing games and only occasionally at those who worked beside their parents.

In North Dakota I had worked on our farm—trampling hay, driving a team of horses, fetching cows, feeding calves and chickens—but of course that had all been only my duty as a member of the family, not a way to earn money. Now I was surrounded by grown-ups who wanted to pay me for working, and by children my own age who were stepping up to the pay window every night with weighing tags in their hands and collecting money. I saw that the time had come for me to assume a place of adult independence in the world.

I made up my mind I was going

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to earn a dollar all in one day. We were picking hops then, and of all the rows I have toiled my way up and down, I remember hop rows the most vividly. Trained up on their wires fifteen feet overhead, the giant vines resemble monster grape arbors hung with bunches of weird unripe fruit. A man who does not pick things for a living comes and cuts them down with a knife tied to a ten-foot pole so the people below can strip them off into sacks. Hops don't really look like any other growing thing but instead like something artificially constructed—pine cones, perhaps, with segments cleverly cut from the soft, limp, clinging leaves that lie next to the kernels of an ear of corn. A hop in your hand is like a feather, and it will almost float on a puff of air. Hops are good only for making yeast, so you can't even get healthily sick of them by eating them all day long, the way you can berries or peas.

PICKERS are paid by the pound, and picking is a messy business. Sometimes you run into a whole cluster that is gummy with the honeydew of hop aphids, and gray and musty with the mildew growing on the sticky stuff. Tiny red spiders rush from the green petals and flow up your arms, like more of the spots the heat makes you see.

The professionals could earn up to six dollars a day. One toothless grandmother discouraged us all by making as much as anybody in the row and at the same time never getting out of her rocking chair except to drag it behind her from vine to vine. My father and mother each made over three dollars a day, but though I tried to work almost as long hours as they did, my pay at the end of the day would usually be somewhere between eighty and ninety cents.

Then one day in the second week of picking, when the hops were good and I stayed grimly sweating over my long gray sack hung on a child-sized frame, I knew that this was going to be the day. As the afternoon waned and I added the figures on my weight tags over and over again in my head, I could feel the excitement begin making spasms in my stomach. That night the man at the pay window handed me a silver dollar and three pennies. He must have seen that this was a day not for paper but for silver. The big coin, so neatly and brightly stamped, was coolly distant from the blurred mélange of piled vines and melting heat that had put it into my hand. Only its solid heaviness connected it in a businesslike way with the work it represented. For the first time in my life I truly comprehended the relationship between toil and media of exchange, and I saw how exacting and yet how satisfying were the terms of the world. Perhaps because of this insight, I did not want the significance of my dollar dimmed by the common touch of copper pettiness. I gave the vulgar pennies to my little sister, who was amazed but grateful. Then I felt even more grown-up than before, because not everybody my age was in a position to give pennies to kids.

That night I hardly slept, lying uncovered beside my sister on our mattress on the ground, sticking my hand out under the bottom of the tent to lay it on the cooling earth between the clumps of dry grass. Tired as I was, I had written post cards to three people in North Dakota before going to bed. I had told my grandmother, my aunt, and my friend Doris that I had earned a dollar in one day. Then, because I did not want to sound impolitely proud of myself, and to fill up the card, I

added on each one, "I'm fine and I plan to pick again tomorrow. How are you?"

I couldn't wait to get to the field the next day and earn another dollar. Back home none of my friends would have dreamed of being able to earn so much in one day. The only thing to do back there for money was to trap gophers for the bounty; and even the big kids, who ran a fairly long trap line and had the nerve to cut the longest tails in half, couldn't make more than twenty cents on a good day, with tails at two cents apiece. I earned a dollar and forty cents the next day and the day after that, and at least a dollar every day for another week until we moved to another place of picking—a pear orchard.

BY THAT TIME it was September, and most of us children from the rows of tents stood out at the gateway of the camp and waited each day for the long yellow school bus. I had never seen a school bus before, and my sister and I were shy about how to act in such a grand vehicle. We sat together, holding our lunch buckets on our knees, looking out at the trees beside the roads, trying to catch a glimpse of our mother and father on the ladders.

The school had about three times as many pupils in it as there were people in the town back in North Dakota where we used to go to buy coal and groceries. The pupils who were planning to attend this school all year were separated from those who, like me, did not know how many days or weeks we would be in that one spot. In our special classes we did a great deal of drawing and saw a number of movies. School was so luxurious in comparison with the hard work I had done in North Dakota the previous year that I wrote another post card to Doris, telling her that we never had to do fractions and that we got colored construction paper to play with almost every day. I copied a picture of a donkey with such accuracy that my teacher thought I had traced it until she held the two to the window and saw that the lines were indisputably my own. After that I got extra drawing periods and became very good at copying, which always elicited more praise than my few original compositions.

I WAS understandably sad when we left that school after two weeks and went to Wenatchee. For the first time, we were not in a regular camp. The previous year my father, recognizing that the crops had not brought in enough to get us through the winter, had taken the train to Wenatchee after the sparse harvest was in and picked apples for a man named Jim Baumann. Baumann wanted him back, so he let us pitch our tent on his land not far from his house. We made camp, and after supper Baumann came down to talk about the next day's arrangements.

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The school was not so large as the other one, and there was no school bus for us because we were only a half mile away from it. Baumann was shorthanded in the packing shed and needed my mother early in the morning. Besides, there was no reason why she should have to take us to school, because he had a daughter who was in my grade who could walk with us and take us to our respective rooms.

"WHY, isn't that lovely!" my mother exclaimed with unwonted enthusiasm. "Now you'll have a nice little girl to play with right here and to be your friend at school."

Her excitement was rather remarkable, considering the dubious reaction she had to everybody else I had played with since we started camping. It hadn't seemed to me that she had liked even the boy who made me a pair of stilts and taught me to walk them. Now here she was favorably predisposed toward somebody I didn't even know. I agreed that it would be nice to have a nice little girl to play with.

The next morning my sister and I sat on the steps of the Baumanns' front porch, where Barbara's mother had told us to make ourselves at home, waiting for her to finish her breakfast. We had already been up so long that it seemed to me we must surely be late for school; I began picturing the humiliating tardy entrance into a roomful of strange faces.

Two of Barbara's friends came down the driveway to wait for her. They both wore the kind of plaid skirts I had been wondering if I could ask my mother about buying—after all, she *had* said all my dresses were too short this fall because of all the inches I'd grown in the summer. The two girls looked at us for a moment, then uncoiled shiny-handled jump ropes and commenced loudly shouting two different rhymes to accompany their jumping.

Barbara came out on the porch, greeted her friends with a disconcerting assurance, jumped down the steps past us, insinuated herself between them, and clasped their hands. "I have to show these kids where the school is," she told them. Turning her head slightly she called, "Well, come if you're coming. We're going to be late." Swinging their arms together, they began to skip down the driveway.

A couple of times on the way to school they stopped and waited until we got near them; I yanked irritably

on my little sister's arm and thought about how her shorter legs had been holding me back ever since she was born. I always seemed to be the one who had to drag a little kid along.

The teacher kept me standing at her desk while she called the roll and started the class on a reading assignment. When she looked up at me, I got the irrational impression that I had already managed to do something wrong. She asked where I had come from and I said "North Dakota," thinking it would be simpler than trying to tell all the places I had been in the last three months. She gave me the last seat in a row behind a boy in dirty clothes. As she passed by him she made the faintest sound of exhalation, as though she was ridding her nostrils of a disagreeable smell.

AT RECESS a boy in a bright shirt and new cream-colored corduroy pants yelled "North Dakota, North Dakota!" in a funny way as he ran past me to the ball field. The boy who sat ahead of me came up and said confidentially, "We been out all around here for two years. We come from Oklahoma. We're Okies. That's what *you* are too, even if you didn't come from Oklahoma." I knew I could never be anything that sounded so crummy as "Okie," and I said so. "Oh, yeah!" he rejoined stiffly. I walked away before he could argue any more and went to find my sister, but the primary grades had recess at a different time, so I went and stood by the door until the period was over. That afternoon I stayed in my seat reading a history book, but the teacher, who seemed to want to go outdoors herself, said, "It's better for the room if everybody goes outside for recess." So I went out and stood around the fringes of two or three games and wondered what was funny about North Dakota. Somehow I had the feeling that it would hurt my mother if I asked her.

The last part of the day was given to a discussion period, when each of us who wanted to was given a chance to tell about an important day in his life. The important days of my classmates, all about having a part in a play or learning to ride a bike, seemed so pathetically juvenile that I was impelled to speak. I stood at my seat and told about how I had earned a dollar all in one day in the hop fields.

From two sides of the room Barbara's friends turned to send her looks which I intercepted but found inscrutable. I had been looking at her too, watching for her reaction. A boy near me poked another and whispered in mocking awe, "A whole dollar!"

The boy ahead of me jumped suddenly to his feet, banging his leg against the desk so hard that the entire row shook. "Heck," he cried, "we just come from there, too, and I made more'n a buck and a half *every* day." He gave me a triumphant smile and sat down. Then I knew I hated that boy. That night I told my mother about how there was a mean boy just like those other mean boys at the camps and how the teacher *would* have to put me right behind him. "Well," she sighed, "just try not to pay any attention to him."

By the time I had found my sister after school, Barbara and her friends had gone. The next morning when we went up to the big house she was gone, too.

AFTER THAT, my sister and I walked together. Sometimes we would be close enough to hear Barbara's friends who were always with her laugh and call her "Bobby." I had never known any Barbaras before, and the name seemed full of unapproachable prestige and sophistication—the name that only a girl with as many dresses as Barbara would have. "Bobby" was yet more awesome, as if she were as consequential as a boy. At school, if I recited in class, she acted queerly self-conscious,

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as though she were responsible for me—the way I often felt around my sister when she said something stupid to kids my age.

For various reasons I had that same embarrassed feeling of an enforced distasteful relationship with the boy who sat ahead of me. Once in a while somebody in the class would tease me about him or would say something about "the hop pickers." I was bitterly determined to dissociate myself from the boy, and whenever he turned around to talk to me I would pretend he was trying to copy my paper. I would put my hand over it while I kept my eyes glued to the desk and felt my face grow hot.

There were some things about the school I liked very much. We were allowed to use the library a great deal, and for the first time in my life I had access to numbers of books I hadn't already read. By reading at noon and recess I could finish a book at school every two days. I would also have a book at home that I would read in a couple of nights. One of the nice things about living in a tent was that there were hardly any household chores to do and I could read as much as I wanted.

FROSTY MORNINGS came with October, and my sister and I would try to dress under the quilts before we got up to eat our oatmeal. Leaves began to blow across the road, apples grew redder with each cold night, pickers hurried from tree to tree, filling the orchards with the soft thunder of hard round fruit rolling out of picking sacks into boxes, and packers worked faster and faster, trying to get the apples twisted up in fancy tissue and into boxes before they jammed up too thickly on the perpetually moving belts. After school my sister and I would go to the box shed behind the big house where Harry, Barbara's big brother, would be nailing boxes together for a nickel apiece. He was always glad to have company, and would let us stand at a respectful distance and watch him pound in nail after nail with two strokes, a tap to set it, then a mighty clout to send it in, three to an end, six to a side.

One afternoon, with the chill blue sky brilliant behind the orange and black Halloween cutouts on the windows, I was sitting at my desk dreamily drawing a witch in a moon when the teacher called my name. She told me that she wanted me to take all my books out of my desk and take them to the front of the room. Then she told everybody in my row to pack up his books and move one seat back. My heart banged alarmingly up in my throat and I nearly gagged from the sudden acute sensations in my viscera. In North Dakota such drastic action was taken only when an offender, after repeated warnings, had proved too incorrigible to sit anywhere except right in front of the teacher's desk. The fact that I had no idea of why I was now classified as such an incorrigible only augmented my anguish. While books banged and papers and pencils fell to the floor and boys jostled each other in the aisle, I managed to sidle numbly up to the front. I sat down in my new seat, trying not to notice how shamefully close it was to the big desk facing it, and I was careful not to raise my eyes higher than the vase of zinnias standing on the corner nearest me.

When school was out I hurried to find my sister and get out of the schoolyard before seeing anybody in my class. But Barbara and her friends had beaten us to the playground entrance and they seemed to be waiting for us. We started to walk around them but they fell into step with us. Barbara said, "So now you're in the 'A' class. You went straight from the 'C' class to the 'A' class." She sounded impressed.

"What's the 'A' class?" I asked.

Everybody made superior yet faintly envious giggling sounds. "Well, why did you think the teacher

moved you to the front of the room, dopey? Didn't you know you were in the 'C' class before, 'way in the back of the room?"

Of course I hadn't known. The Wenatchee fifth grade was bigger than my whole school had been in North Dakota, and the idea of subdivisions within a grade had never occurred to me. The subdividing for the first marking period had been done before I came to the school, and I had never, in the six weeks I'd been there, talked to anyone long enough to find out about the "A," "B," and "C" classes.

I still could not understand why that had made such a difference to Barbara and her friends. I didn't yet know that it was disgraceful and dirty to be a transient laborer and ridiculous to be from North Dakota. I thought living in a tent was more fun than living in a house. I didn't know that we were gypsies, really (how that thought would have thrilled me then!), and that we were regarded with the suspicion felt by those who plant toward those who do not plant. It didn't occur to me that we were all looked upon as one more of the untrustworthy natural phenomena, drifting here and there like mists or winds, that farmers of certain crops are resentfully forced to rely on. I didn't know that I was the only child who had camped on the Baumanns' land ever to get out of the "C" class. I did not know that school administrators and civic leaders held conferences to talk about how to handle the problem of transient laborers.

I only knew that for two happy days I walked to school with Barbara and her friends, played hopscotch and jump rope with them at recess, and was even invited into the house for some ginger ale—an exotic drink I had never tasted before.

THEN we took down our tent and packed it in the trailer with our mattresses and stove and drove on, because the last apples were picked and sorted and boxed and shipped to the people all over the world, whoever they were, who could afford to buy them in 1937. My teacher wrote a letter for me to take to my next school. In it, she told me, she had informed my next teacher that I should be put in the "A" class immediately. But there wasn't any "A" class in my room, the new teacher explained.

By then I was traveled enough to realize that it was another special class for transients. The teacher showed us movies almost every day.

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TELEVISION:
The English Channels

MARYA MANNES

LONDON

THE BRITISH have done several things to avoid the irritants that plague American television. Their greatest achievement in this direction is the strict separation of advertiser and program on their commercial network. To quiet an aroused and apprehensive public, the Independent Television Authority outlawed the concept of sponsorship at the start. The worlds of selling and entertaining never impinge on each other as they do in the United States. No news commentator breaks off a dispatch from Formosa to say "And now a message from our sponsor." No talent master sells cars between the acts on his show. No advertiser is free to affect the content of the program he precedes or follows. The lines are clean and clear.

Second, the British commercial is much shorter than ours and is largely free from manic repetitions. It is presumed that English consumers are endowed with good hearing, a reasonable memory, and a low tolerance. These same assumptions carry over into most of the public-affairs programs on both ITA and BBC networks: the pace of discussion in such shows as "Press Conference," "Brains Trust," and "Monitor," to name only a few, is much faster than our own—a tempo tightened not only by speed of delivery but by precision of thought. The British both talk and listen well. British directors must slacken the pace of their actors considerably when they bring a play to New York; we are slow on the take.

One exception, however, must be made to this British assumption of viewer intelligence. From what I have seen—sporadically, to be sure—women are treated as a race apart, to be approached with muted voice and little finger crooked. The BBC afternoon show "Mainly for Women" seems sedative and genteel to a degree, in spite of the occasional participation of superior individuals—Joyce Grenfell telling a story, Flora Robson reading a poem—and discussions of topical matters. But there is no real vitality here, no earthiness, certainly no sex; and the prevailing atmosphere seems designed to keep women wrapped in the cocoon of domesticity and the gentler pursuits. Wit, originality, and intellectual curiosity are reserved for men.

The Beautiful Blank Screen

Another element in the general relaxed atmosphere of British television is the simple fact that it is on only part of the day and night. You can't look at anything at all before twelve-thirty in the morning or after eleven-thirty at night. And the BBC

closes down between three-thirty and five, treating its viewers to a blank screen or its call pattern, sometimes accompanied by classical music. In a strange, imponderable way, these empty hours contribute a sense of peace. I do not doubt that in time British commercial television, whether ITA or a proposed third network, will fill its empty hours. But the value of this respite in human terms must be balanced against financial loss. More than that, it relieves those who work in TV of the insanely constant pressure to produce. There is just not that much material in the world. A fourth contribution to restful viewing is that the British are not afraid of silence. When the narrator of a "live" event has nothing to say, he says nothing: a blissful technique.

One of the most valuable products of this reduced tension is the time and thought it frees for the children's hours. Perhaps the BBC's greatest glory is the quality of its shows for the young, for they are based on the single premise that children are valuable. The hour from five to six is reserved entirely for them, and it may consist of a live dramatization of a Jane Austen book or a Robert Louis Stevenson story, produced and acted by professionals of a high order; newsreels geared to youthful interests; explorations of the natural world; stories or films of adventure. Except for a rather silly "Children's Caravan," marred by precocious performers and an MC unhappily patterned on ours, the content of these programs, whether for the smallest (whose puppet shows are a delight) or the teenager, not only presumes intelligence but scorns violence. A British parent need have no qualms in letting his children sit before the screen in the afternoon, for what they see is eminently healthy.

Gunplay and Give-aways

The pre-eminence of the BBC in this field, the excellence of its musical offerings, and the high level of public-affairs shows like "Panorama," "Monitor," and "Tonight," each of them expert in their meshing of ideas, personalities, and visual documentation, are unquestioned in England. But they are not enough, it seems, to keep the greater mass of the British public from turning to the commercial network when they want a solid fare of entertainment:

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of those who have access to both channels, sixty-five per cent now turn to ITA as against thirty-five per cent to BBC.

A glance at the daily programming lists of BBC and ITA suggests at least one of the reasons: the commercial network is thickly studded with American or American-type shows. True, BBC has Phil Silvers, Perry Como, Burns and Allen, and "I Married Joan." But ITA has "Dragnet," "Wagon Train," "I Love Lucy," "Sheriff of Cochise," "The Adventures of Popeye," "Crazy Gang," "Shadow Squad," "Gun Law," "The Verdict Is Yours," and a flurry of quiz shows and give-aways. It also has commercials.

The conclusion is inescapable, therefore, that the mass British public and the mass American public go for the same things: slickness, gunplay, cowboys, gags, and money. In fairness to the commercial network, it must be added that ITA has excellent news and sports coverage, and a first-class battle of wits in "Press Conference." Aside from its professionalism, moreover, it is free from the quality that can alienate even the most devout followers of the BBC, and that is condescension. You cannot always avoid the feeling that the BBC is giving you what is good for you, while the ITA's sole aim is to attract you.

SEEMINGLY, the level of taste of the British public is not superior to our own. Maybe, as evidenced by Britain's mass-circulation press, it is even lower. If this seems paradoxical in view of my previous estimates of a higher level in both the techniques of selling and in thinking and speaking, I believe it can be explained in quantitative terms. The ITA is still new to the majority of British viewers. They are giddy with the raucous pace of our popular programs, while we, on the other hand, may be reaching a saturation point.

Whatever the case, it is distressing for an American to turn on either network in England at certain moments and find a eupeptic MC in a plunging collar or someone suffering to music in an isolation booth or sideburned adolescents strumming guitars or men in wide-brimmed hats shooting from the hip.

It looks like home.

Four Towns And Inveraray

NAOMI MITCHISON

IF YOU UNDERSTAND the workings of the Argyll County Council, you understand a lot about the West Highlands. I am a member of this august body. I keep on saying to myself that I must get off, it's all a waste of time, I must write more books. But no, I stay on. In most county councils I would be part of the Labour Party majority or minority, but not here, not at all. I stand as myself; it would embarrass my Conservative supporters if I insisted on a political fact about myself that everybody knows anyway if they want to think about it. I have alliances right across politics over this or that county cause, and it is rather interesting to consider what these alliances are.

At one time not so long ago the county council was run by the lairds, the landowners, or in the case of the really big ones their factors, or agents. Just to be grander, the Duke of Argyll, the MacCallum Mor, as we might say—but no dukes nowadays are Gaelic-speaking—has a chamberlain; but it all comes to the same thing. Now the lairds form a minority and some of my allies are among them. Things have changed. Land, especially poor land in the Highlands, no longer brings in an easy income. But it will bring in enough to get by on if one works it oneself. So a good many of the old class of laird are handy with a tractor, a flock of sheep, or a wild young bullock. And so indeed I am myself.

We are not nearly as powerful a grouping as the shopkeepers and businessmen, and besides, a lot of us are bothered by moral scruples, dating back to the days when we had to be leaders and even examples. Perhaps our morality is too simple for the present day. There are some professional people and, as in most Highland county councils, rather a lot of ministers, mostly Presbyterian. Hardly any of us know a thing about modern scientific or technological progress. Very few of us are paid manual workers; it is not easy for anyone in a job to get away to a meeting, even with expenses paid and an allowance for loss of earnings. In an urban local authority, meetings can be held in the evenings; but ours, which come around every six weeks or so, mean a day or more, likely two or even three days, in one of our county towns.

THERE ARE FOUR which compete for our favor: Campbeltown, Oban, Dunoon, and Lochgilphead, with populations of anything from two thousand to eight thousand. The actual capital of Argyll, Inveraray, with its arches and tall, well-proportioned stone buildings, is still smaller, though it is one of the few really beautiful villages in the Highlands, planned and built in the eighteenth century in its exquisite setting at the head of Loch Fyne by a duke with taste and money. We meet there once, but only once, in our term of office. The first time I was there was in the pre-electricity era; we were lighted by hissing gas burners that were too dim for us to be able to see our minutes, and made too much noise for us to be able to hear much of anything that was said.

Dunoon is the largest of our little towns, almost entirely a tourist resort, with a grand hinterland of loch and mountain and forest, praised over the centuries in song and story. It has no industry; communications are by bus and the frequent steamers that chug across the Clyde, and the rest of us secretly despise it as a suburb of Glasgow. Oban is more Highland; it faces west toward the islands; its steamers are bigger and sometimes disgorge streets full of bellowing, bleating sheep or cattle for the markets. Fishing boats come in to the pier too; there is a tweed mill; you may hear Gaelic spoken

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in the streets and see the kilt worn, not awkwardly and for swank but quite naturally and over well-weathered knees.

Campbeltown is my own metropolis, to which my village goes for its Saturday sin: the pictures, professionally shown and far less likely to break down than those in our own little village hall, and a choice from dozens of bars, and many brands of whisky, including the excellent Campbeltown malt. It used to be almost entirely a fishing town, but the herring are away—we hope only for a few years. Meanwhile many of the boats have gone on the financial rocks, and our unemployment rate is high.

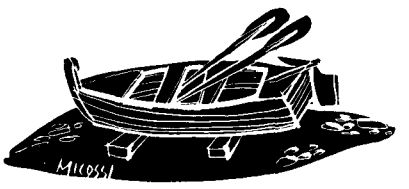
Each of these towns houses some of the county offices, so that at least two-thirds of our officials always have to bring their papers with them in suitcases. Lochgilphead's population is almost doubled by the inmates and staff of our mental hospital, another of these magnificent stone buildings but a headache for modern administration.

Roads to the Hills and to the Sea

Yet Argyll is not really to be judged by its towns. Nor by its county council. Rather by the journeys I take to meetings and others take for holidays, climbing and fishing, walking, sailing, or just being there. These roads are unendingly beautiful, though sometimes grim, like the road over Rannoch Moor between the gray rocks and dark bog holes which yet in summer are sweet with bog bean or shining with water lily. Here on the watershed a drop sliding off a heather tip may reach the North Sea at the far side of Scotland or more quickly slip into our own sea lochs which wind out of the mountains and plunge over tidal rapids into the great sounds between islands and mainland, and on into the Atlantic.

I can think of no boring road in Argyll, for the variety is always there. Light forest of oak and birch or dense forest of spruce, larch, and pine, much of this newly planted by the Forestry Commission, gives way to moorland, dark in winter but in summer dancing with silver cotton grass or purple with bell heather. The young green curled shoots of bracken expand into broad fronds and die back in autumn into fox color. The rowan trees, to which ax is never laid by those who hold to tradition, feather into leaf, flower creamily, and then are covered with orange to scarlet berries. The countryside is clothed with unnative rhododendron, which is magnificent for a few weeks in June.

The roads rise to the heads of narrowing glens, to Rest and Be Thankful, the Pass of Melfort, the



Black Mount, or Glen Ary, where the much-sung mountain of Cruachan comes suddenly into sight, patched with cloud and sunshine, or with mist-capped head, above many-islanded shining Loch Awe round which the clans used to fight. Or else the roads follow along the sea edges so that on a westerly gale gobbets of salt spray blow across the road like the track of giant snails. The islands rise blue and mauve with mountain outlines like scenery for some romantic ballet. Here is a square stone castle, there a white-sailed yacht. If you are driving down to play golf on the links at Machrihanish, you may suddenly smell seal. Stop and make your way across the sand and rocks, and you may see a bull Atlantic seal, enormous and peaceful, rolls of fat on his great neck, lying out on a ledge watching you.

Or your road may follow the course of a fishing river: perhaps the great Awe, where the tail of the loch narrows and darkens under the cliffs of the Pass of Brander and then the rapids begin, and the deep pools for great salmon. Or else some brown and brawling burn, dancing between alders or between heather banks. And always the fishermen, not looking up, whatever goes by on the road.

Old Loyalties at County Council

At the county council meetings we assess one another's boutonnieres. "How," we ask, "did your metrosideros do?" "I could let you have a cutting—" "Ah yes, I'm afraid aberconwayii isn't wind-hardy—" "Don't tell me you really managed fragrantissimum!" Nothing boring like roses or carnations, but sprigs of rare shrubs. And indeed you must, whatever else you do, visit the gardens at Crarae, open all the year for the National Trust for Scotland, always beautiful but an unbelievable fairyland from April to June.

At other times we talk about the sales. We slip away from Roads or Public Health to the sale ring, where we put through our Highland cattle, noble, mild, blond, and shaggy, with enormous primitive horns, or our Galloways, black, beefy, hornless, almost as shaggy but with worse tempers. Sheep show a steadier profit but have less prestige. We have a feeling that those others, those without land but with shops and businesses, are also putting their heads together over deals, but deals over contracts, wholesale prices, and such, profit without status and also, we sometimes feel—perhaps with an uneasy wonder about which side we are really on—without direct manual labor.

However, when a general election looms into sight, old loyalties reassert themselves firmly. Nor is it any use for me to ask my county council allies if they are sure they want to vote Conservative and for still bigger business!

Some of our councilors have to come in from remote peninsulas or from the islands, and anyone who wants to get the feel of the West Highlands should allow time for these inner isles, within sight of the mainland yet strangely remote. If possible, the boat's-eye view, best of all in a small yacht, which will edge out from the Holy Loch beyond Dunoon, tack through the Kyles, and cross mid-Argyll by the Crinan Canal. This rises in a gentle series of locks, through corn fields and grazing fields. It is long-inhabited country, and you can see the standing stones marking the faith of an earlier people, two thousand years ago, and the hill of Dun Add, where the kings of Dalriada were crowned, between the stone of the Footmark and the stone of the Boar, in the days before there were kings of Scotland. The canal drops down to a superb tangle of

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islets and channels with orange seaweed bordering wine-dark or turquoise water.

When you steer through the Dorus Mor—the "Great Gate" out of Loch Craignish—the water feels like treacle against the tiller with the tug of the current. Yet this is nothing to the currents in the sound of Corryvrechan between Jura and Scarba, a place of legends and shipwrecks.

You must go to Iona, most sacred place of the Celtic Church, where Columba, the heir who gave up the High Kingship of Eire for the sake of his new vision, settled at last, because from here he could not see back to his own home but only forward to the rest of the world. You must visit Tobermory in Mull with its beautiful anchorage, at the bottom of which still lie the remains of a Spanish galleon from the Armada. There is Islay (pronounced Eyela), again a name in song, Gigha (Gheeya), Coll, Colonsay, not to speak of tiny Cara Island where there is nothing but a haunted MacDonald house, where the guardian brounie will not let a Campbell sleep.

WE STILL THINK of ourselves, partly seriously, in terms of the old clan loyalties, the old wars and oppressions. In Glencoe, Campbell of Glen Lyon and his men, though they in turn took their orders from higher up, murdered old MacDonald and his folk in bitter midwinter, after a show of friendliness. It was not a big massacre or an overwhelming betrayal by modern standards but it is still remembered, and nobody should boast of Campbell ancestry in that part of Argyll. Yet Glencoe is mostly known for its ski lift in winter and its climbing in summer, with the Chancellor and the Curved Ridge at the north side and the two Shepherds, the Buchaille Mor and the Buchaille Etive, lifting dark pinnacles to the south. There is a youth hostel here, and others too in Argyll, but also innumerable hotels, inns, and "bed and breakfasts." Nor would any of us in Argyll, driving a car to or from our county council meetings, hesitate to pick up a walker with a pack. "Ah yes," we will say, "so you come all the way from America! Well, well, that is a journey right enough. But now you will be stopping with ourselves."

RECORD NOTES:

Among the Romantics

ROLAND GELATT

SINCE THE HEYDAY of Stokowski and Koussevitzky twenty to thirty years ago, the cause of the "subjective" conductor has been in decline. The men in charge of American orchestras today are admirable disciplinarians and sober, well-tutored interpreters, but few of them may be said to illuminate music with any particularly strong character of their own. Always excepting the quadragenarian Leonard Bernstein, it is unusual these days to come across a youngish conductor with an assertive individuality. Such a one,

however, is Constantin Silvestri, a shaggy-haired Romanian of forty-five who went to London and Paris for some guest engagements a year or so ago and brought forth a salvo of extravagant praise from the critics of those cities. Although Silvestri has yet to venture across the Atlantic, we can now begin to know his work through recordings.

The newest and most impressive of these is Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, in which he leads the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française (Angel 35623). Silvestri's emphatic style gives a meaningful inflection to every measure. His is far from a literal reading of the score. He alters tempos, distends phrases, emphasizes inner voices wherever it suits his purposes. Some of his liberties are arguable, and the execution of the French instrumentalists under his command (in particular the brass players) is not beyond reproach. But vital, untrammeled music making such as this has the power to divert objections.

IN THE THREE YEARS since Emil Gilels first played to a bedazzled audience in Philadelphia's Academy of Music, concert life in the United States has been enlivened by sundry musical talent from the Soviet Union. The latest Russian arrival is Vladimir Ashkenazy, a pianist born twenty-one years ago in the city of Gorki. Coincident with his American debut, we are offered a recording that Ashkenazy made last winter in Berlin (Angel 35647). The program is of the kind pyrotechnicians batten on—Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz" and "Feux Follets," Prokofiev's Sonata No. 7, Rachmaninoff's "Variations on a Theme of Corelli"—and all of it is carried off with a high degree of virtuosic éclat. Admittedly, Ashkenazy's reserves of nervous energy are somewhat more substantial than his command of delicate tone spinning, but in this he does not stand alone.

Mstislav Rostropovitch is a cellist, older than Ashkenazy by ten years and of a more reticent musical disposition. Although he toured the United States briefly in 1956 and has been heard in a few recordings, his reputation remains fairly obscure. Rostropovitch's latest recording, in which he gives probably the best account of Dvorak's Cello Concerto since the hallowed prewar album by Pablo Casals, should do much to establish his fame more securely. The Russian cellist plays here not only with breathtaking agility and precision but also with quiet, devotional poise—characteristics that do not invariably go together. His main de-

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fect is rhythmic; he does not have Casals' knack of making a tune bounce along with merry gusto. Who, for that matter, does? In the Dvorak Concerto recording, Rostropovitch is ably supported by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult (EMI-Capitol G7109).

Song recitalists being even more obscure than cellists, the name Nina Dorlyak will mean nothing to most American music lovers and may not mean much more to the average concertgoer in the Soviet Union. Miss Dorlyak is a soprano; she is also the wife of Sviatoslav Richter, the most eminent and (for westerners) most elusive pianist in Russia. Together they have recorded Mussorgsky's "The Nursery" (Monitor MC 2020), a cycle of seven songs filled with the wide-eyed wonderment of childhood. The Richters' collaboration is to be ranked alongside those of Maggie Teyte and Alfred Cortot or Pierre Bernac and Francis Poulenc. Hearing them communicate Mussorgsky's elfin fantasy, one is tempted to believe that it cannot be done any better. Nina Dorlyak does not have a conventionally pretty voice, but she can lay claim to something far more unusual in a singer of songs: the ability to establish a mood and to convey the imagery of poet and composer. It is surprising how few singers these days are able to do this.

IF THIS FALL'S record releases are any indication, the star of Hector Berlioz is still much in the ascendant.

The phonograph public apparently cannot have too much of him. At the head of the current harvest is Sir Thomas Beecham's recording of the "Symphonie Fantastique" (EMI-Capitol G7102). Although there can be no "best recording" of a piece done as often as the "Fantastique," the ardent Berliozian should find little to cavil at in this latest version. Its chief drawback is acoustical. The engineers seem to have taken the "boom in Berlioz" literally and have recorded Sir Thomas and his French orchestra in an overly reverberant hall. Kettledrums sound as if they come from the far end of a long tunnel, and some details get lost in the wide open spaces. Musically, however, it is beguiling throughout, always finely controlled and pulsingly lyrical. Beecham does not make the mistake of turning the "Fantastique" into a frenzied orchestral free-for-all.

A more febrile and loosely romantic view of Berlioz is heard in the new Boston Symphony recording of "Harold in Italy," with Charles Munch conducting and William Primrose playing the solo viola part (RCA Victor LM 2228). Munch's conducting of Berlioz has an almost improvisatory quality. It can be intensely effective, particularly when conveyed by such an orchestra as the Boston Symphony, though it does not please those who look upon Berlioz as a misunderstood classicist.

Two recordings of the Berlioz "Requiem" are also among the fall records, one made in Hartford under the direction of Fritz Mahler, the other in Paris under Hermann Scherchen. Both are mediocre. The sheer sonic dimensions of the work still elude the phonograph's grasp, and neither conductor has the feel of Berlioz in his beat.

IN DREDGING for rare and unhackneyed repertory, record makers pull up a lot of seaweed and an occasional pearl. Rossini's *Le Comte Ory* is one of the latter. It was composed in and for Paris and had its premiere at the Opéra in 1828. The work held the stage into the middle of the nineteenth century and earned the high regard of such exigent listeners as Berlioz and Liszt. But, like everything else of Rossini's except the perdurable *Barber of Seville,* it subsequently fell out of fashion. A few years ago, the opera was brought back to life at the Glyndebourne Festival and can now be savored on records as it was performed there (Angel album 3565).

Ory is a comic opera of distinctly different character from *The Barber of Seville.* It shows a Rossini subtilized, Frenchified, *raffiné.* The

broad horseplay and rum-tum-tum crescendos have been boiled off, leaving a pure distillate of delicate, sparkling merriment. In some ways the opera reminds one of late Verdi and late Strauss. Rossini had composed more than thirty operas before he undertook *Le Comte Ory* (at the age of thirty-six), and in this last comic opera he makes his points with mellow brilliance and a sly valedictory twinkle. *Ory* will never take the place of *The Barber* as a box-office staple. It has neither the gleeful verve nor the immediately catchy tunes of the earlier work (and in this respect is akin to Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte* vis-à-vis *Figaro).* But its fine-spun melodies, its piquant scoring, and especially its delicious ensemble writing grow on one the more they are heard. In the Glyndebourne production recorded by Angel the singers are perhaps too genteel, but the conductor (Vittorio Gui) is first-rate, and he has a virtuoso orchestra and chorus at his command.

PUCCINI'S *Suor Angelica* is another example of operatic dredging, and well worth the trouble, even though the rewards aren't as enchanting in *Le Comte Ory.* With *Il Tabarro* and *Gianni Schicchi, Suor Angelica* belongs in a trilogy of one-act operas that Puccini composed during the First World War. Its libretto is a cloying brew of sen-

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timental religiosity, and its dramatis personae consists entirely of sopranos and mezzo-sopranos. Neither attribute has disposed audiences in its favor. *Suor Angelica* remains one of the least performed works of the world's most popular opera composer.

It opens with perhaps the most heavenly curtain raiser of any opera in or out of the repertory. A quiet, sinuous melody is enunciated by bells, then taken up by strings, and finally elaborated by full orchestra and chorus into a shimmering rainbow of Puccinian harmonies. If the opera maintained this level throughout, it would be a masterpiece. It doesn't and it isn't, but there are still enough lovely moments in *Suor Angelica* to merit an occasional hearing—at least when it is performed with the distinction of a recent recording made in Rome under the direction of Tullio Serafin (Capitol-EMI G 7115). Victoria de los Angeles, as Sister Angelica, is the brightest adornment of an accomplished cast. Her big aria—particularly its conclusion, pitched in cool, reedy tones—should not be missed by anyone responsive to great singing. «»

Our Ambassadors Of Ill Will

MAYA PINES

THE UGLY AMERICAN, by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. *Norton. $3.75.*

This rousing, angry book attacks American behavior in Southeast Asia with all the power and subtlety of a sledge hammer. In about a dozen loosely related episodes thinly disguised as fiction, it presents a picture of American stupidity and even criminal negligence, relieved by a few instances of heroism.

The idea that our behavior seems calculated to lose whatever uncommitted countries still remain in Southeast Asia, along with some of our allies there, has been expressed in many studies and reports—but never presented so dramatically.

As special assistant to Admiral Felix Stump, commander of military forces in the Pacific Area, Captain William Lederer has been observing his fellow citizens there for the past five years. Eugene Burdick, author of the best-selling novel *The Ninth Wave,* teaches political theory at the University of California and is a student of power politics. In a foreword they explain that their book is based on fact, and that their purpose is to stimulate action as well as thought.

Few readers will put down *The Ugly American* without just the sort of anger that the authors wanted to arouse. The lesson could not be clearer. It begins with the fictionalized portrait of Ambassador Sears, who has been appointed for political reasons to fictitious Sarkhan. To Sears the natives are "strange little monkeys." Neither he nor anyone on his staff knows a word of Sarkhanese. The country is going Communist from sheer desperation, but the ambassador writes home, "I get around at one hell of a lot of social functions, and official dinners out here, and I've never met a native Communist yet." Meanwhile the Russian ambassador, who has spent years preparing himself by studying Sarkhanese language, literature, and classical music, learning about Buddhism, and dieting to meet local ideals of physical grace, does his job so well that even an American shipment of rice becomes a Communist propaganda victory.

THE NEXT U.S. ambassador to Sarkhan is also a failure although he had trained himself rigorously for the job. His embassy is infested with spies. His reports home are too honest and he is forced out. In harrowing wars and skirmishes, brutally described, thousands of soldiers die and tons of equipment go to waste because the brass refuses to learn that in a war fought Mao style, the enemy is never seen and tanks are useless; only the co-operation of local people counts.

"You've done nothing but lose since the end of the war," a young Sarkhanese accuses an American. "And for a simple little reason: you don't know the power of an idea. The clerks you send over here try to buy us like cattle."

If this is true of American leaders, it is not true of the few Americans who leave their "Golden Ghetto" to work in the field. There is Father Finian, for instance, a Jesuit who endures unbelievable rigors in the Burmese jungle to form a group as well organized as the Communists. Then there is a big, outspoken Midwestern engineer whose fingernails are black with grease. Surprisingly enough, he is "The Ugly American" of the title, and the most beautiful human being in the book. Ignoring his wealth to go to work fourteen hours a day in Asia, he starts an economic revolution in a remote Sarkhanese village by inventing a pump which can be made entirely of local materials. He and his homely wife Emma, who designs a long-handled broom so that the villagers of Chang 'Dong need not stoop so low, symbolize the very best that America has to offer—the kind of practical help that, unlike grandiose dams and highways, costs little but does the job.

ONE MIGHT OBJECT that the characters in this book are either all good or all bad, and that some situations strain credibility. Father Finian, for instance, is almost superhuman; the American officer who nearly succeeds in shaping Sarkhanese policies because of his fortuitous knowledge of palmistry is just a little too clever; and few Russian diplomats, no matter how thorough, push their training so far as to learn how to play the nose flute. But these exaggerations tend to make the book's message more compelling. The questions it hammers home are: Must we go on sending totally untrained people to crucial parts of the world?; Do we care enough?; Do we still have the power and the will to win?

In Graham Greene's 1956 novel, *The Quiet American,* the young hero is so inept that when he med-

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dles in Asian affairs he causes only suffering—his bomb kills the wrong people. His errors are within himself, within his Americanism, and Greene's moral seems to be that America should keep out of Asia even if this means the victory of Communism.

Lederer and Burdick, on the other hand, show us errors that could have been avoided. Even now may not be too late, they believe, if we really want to change. Instead of sending hordes of amateurs, we can send a small force of well-chosen, well-trained, dedicated professionals who will apply "a positive policy promulgated by a clear-thinking government."

It may be a sign of the post-Sputnik era or just the authors' skill at writing rather slick fiction, but the encouraging news is that *The Ugly American* will receive the wide hearing it needs. It is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection; the *Saturday Evening Post* is serializing it; *Reader's Digest* may condense it; several companies are dickering for the movie rights. Thus millions of Americans will be taking this bitter but salutary pill.

The General Who Didn't Know Rommel

AL NEWMAN

LOST VICTORIES, by Field Marshal Erich von Manstein. *Regnery. $7.50.*

Sifting relentlessly through the Second World War boneyard of German defeats and beaten generals, the British military analyst B. H. Liddell Hart has come up with numerous historical discoveries in German records and has found at least two all-time Great Captains: Field Marshals Erwin Rommel and Erich von Manstein. In the forewords to *The Rommel Papers* (Harcourt, Brace, 1953) and that of *Lost Victories,* Liddell Hart has applied the term "military genius" to each. Both were characterized as masters of the "indirect approach," a highly praised but rather vaguely defined technique. In his *Strategy* (Praeger, 1954), Liddell Hart said that "The indirect approach is as fundamental to the realm of politics as to that of sex. . . . As in war, the aim is to weaken resistance before overcoming it; and the effect is best attained by drawing the other party out of his defences." In *Strategy,* Rommel outscored von Manstein in page references twenty-five to twelve, but in the foreword to *Lost Victories,* von Manstein is unqualifiedly "the Allies' most formidable military opponent."

One notes with some surprise that the two paragons were not even on the grunting, growling, or arguing terms that seem to have been usual among German generals. In Rommel's notes there is no reference to von Manstein, in von Manstein no mention of Rommel. Of course Rommel's great sphere of action was North Africa and von Manstein's the Eastern Front, but there was an earlier period in 1940 during the Battle of France when they were cheek by jowl—in the attack from the Somme to the Seine beginning June 5.

In this action, von Manstein commanded the XXXVIII Corps of three infantry divisions and Rommel the 7th Panzer Division, which, as the left-hand unit of XV Panzer Corps, was flank to flank throughout with von Manstein's right-hand division. The texts reveal that both generals were on the same short stretch of road—north of the village of Poix—on the same day, June 7. In Rommel's account it is clear that his advance elements reached the Seine at Elbeuf about midnight June 8-9. Von Manstein's leading division got to the river at Les Andelys at noon on the ninth. Yet von Manstein's work, written at least ten years after Rommel's notes, clearly contradicts Rommel's claim by stating categorically that the unit on his right did

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not reach the Seine "until 10th June." Was there perhaps some after-action-report dispute? Nobody will ever know, but hell hath no fury like a general whose esteemed colleague claims to have gained an objective earlier than himself.

In personality and methods of command, the two differed widely. Rommel was a dashing inspirational field leader who sometimes allowed his emotions to influence his actions. Von Manstein's greatest achievements smelled of the lamp; triumph and disaster seem not to have affected his judgment. Rommel broke time-honored rules and traditions; von Manstein remained the model Prussian officer and was proud of it. Rommel's feelings about Hitler changed from outright worship to the countenancing of, if not connivance in, a plot against the Führer's life. Von Manstein was much more level; his disapproval of the July 20, 1944, assassination attempt is austerely on record: "As I said at my trial: 'No senior military commander can for years on end expect his soldiers to lay down their lives for victory and then precipitate defeat by his own hand.'"

The Führer Was a Good Loser

Not that von Manstein lacked provocation. After more than a year of unremitting triumph, first as a Panzer corps commander advancing toward Leningrad, then leading the Eleventh Army to victory in the Crimea, he found himself well and truly on the spot. In November, 1942, the Russians broke through the Romanian armies north and south of Stalingrad and threw a ring of steel around General Paulus's German Sixth Army in an area of thirty by twenty-five miles. To make matters worse, the Russians south of the city were only 185 miles from Rostov-on-Don, the supply gateway—tight up against the Sea of Azov—for an entire German army group whose front lay 375 miles south in the Caucasus. Both formations were where they were because the Führer could not bring himself to countenance a timely retreat. The Stalingrad encirclement was completed November 21; on November 26, von Manstein, as commander of the newly created Army Group Don, fell heir to this mess.

From the beginning, it was a fight against Hitler as well as the Russians, and he handled both campaigns with extraordinary skill. As to Hitler's fatal procrastination: "We could not, after all, compel him to give an order. In such cases one had no choice but to report that in default of an O.K.H. [Army High Command] directive by such-and-such a time . . . we should act at our own discretion." Again: "There are admittedly cases where a senior commander cannot reconcile it with his responsibilities to carry out an order he has been given. Then, like Seydlitz at the Battle of Zorndorf, he has to say: 'After the battle the King may dispose of my head as he will, but during the battle he will kindly allow me to make use of it.' No general can vindicate his loss of a battle by claiming that he was compelled—against his better judgment—to execute an order that led to defeat. In this case the only course open to him is that of disobedience, for which he is answerable with his head. . . . I acted contrary to Hitler's orders whenever it was absolutely necessary to do so. Success proved me right, and Hitler had to tolerate my disobedience."

With a deal of patience and forbearance (Hitler "grounded" two needed divisions), von Manstein scraped together a Panzer corps and launched it on December 12 to the relief of the Sixth Army from the southwest. After a week's frontal fighting against odds, it reached a point thirty miles from the beleaguered force. Von Manstein, realizing it was the last chance for Paulus and his men, "sent the Supreme Command an urgent appeal by teleprinter to let Sixth Army finally disengage from Stalingrad and drive southwest to join [the relief force]." When no answer was received for six hours, von Manstein himself ordered Paulus to begin the breakout. Here Hitler intervened, agreeing that the army could attack southwest but insisting that "it should hold its northern, eastern, and western fronts around the city." In other words, the Sixth Army could move, but had to remain where it was!

The result, of course, was that Paulus and his ninety thousand survivors had to surrender at the end of January. In a conference with von Manstein five days later, Hitler declared: "I *alone* bear the responsibility for Stalingrad!" The Army Group Don commander thought that that "struck a chivalrous note."

Thermopylae in the Mud

Elsewhere, von Manstein compares the Sixth Army with the Spartans at Thermopylae, in that by fighting on to the end they tied down Russian forces that would almost certainly have been able to slam shut the Rostov gateway on the retreat of the army group in the Caucasus. The collapse of the Italian and

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Hungarian armies to the north beginning December 18 had given the Russians the opportunity of advancing far to the west, then south across the rear of the entire German right wing, cutting its communications and pinning it helplessly against the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea. Even Hitler came to realize that the spearhead in the Caucasus had to be withdrawn to furnish formations to meet the dire threat in the northwest. In this situation, von Manstein collected enough to inflict a signal defeat on the Russians in the north at Kharkov and Belgorod, and the front then bogged down in the spring mud.

But in July, 1943, a German pincers attack on the Kursk salient resulted in costly failure, and from then on the Russians held the initiative. Always the fatal threat lay on the northwest flank, and always Hitler insisted on holding ground to the southeast because of the Donetz Basin (coal) and the Nikopol region (manganese).

From this point on, von Manstein's account becomes a chronicle of endless arguments between the subordinate professional and the amateur boss. Each time the amateur prevailed until it was too late for the professional to combine a yielding of territory with an effective counterstroke. In this fashion, much of the Seventeenth Army was abandoned in the Crimea, and encirclements of formations up to two corps ensued, though von Manstein prides himself on extricating the men at least. In nine chaotic months of practically continuous Russian attacks against the southern wing, the Germans lost the river lines of the Donetz, the Dnieper, the Bug, and the Dniester simply because Hitler insisted on hanging onto the battered remnants of one defensive position until the next was compromised.

VON MANSTEIN did what he could. During that time "I made no less than three attempts . . . to persuade Hitler to accept some modification of the Supreme Command. From no other quarter, as far as I know, was the inadequacy of his military leadership ever put to him quite so bluntly." Yet ". . . as far as my own personal contacts with him went, he maintained appearances and kept things on a factual plane even when our views collided." And "On many an occasion, when Hitler refused to accept my recommendations or tried to meddle in the affairs of my headquarters, I had told the Chief of the General Staff [Zeitzler] that he (Hitler) had better find someone else to take over. . . But . . . what always dissuaded me from resigning my command was . . . the conviction that no other headquarters but ours would be capable of mastering the tasks which confronted a commander in our decisive sector of the front."

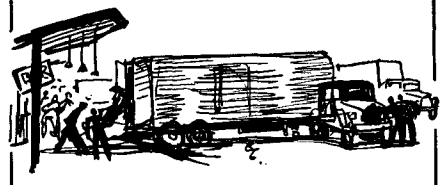
At the end of March, 1944, a final disagreement with Hitler over extricating yet another encircled body of troops (First Panzer Army) brought on von Manstein's removal. Hitler awarded him the Swords to the Knight's Cross and "expressly wished to state that there was not the least question of a crisis of confidence between us. . . . He knew me to be one of his most capable commanders and for this reason intended to give me another appointment before long. . . ." It was von Manstein's last appearance, for which the western Allies may be duly thankful.

Larceny and a Luncheon

No fewer than 373 of *Lost Victories*' 548 pages are devoted to detailed accounts of operations on the Russian Front; since truth forms no part of Communist doctrine, they are a unique contribution to military history. However, von Manstein will be longest remembered for quite another thing: his proposal for the shift of weight from north to center in the German attack plan for the Western Front in May, 1940. Adopted, this resulted in the surprise armored thrust out of the Ardennes, across the Meuse at Sedan and Dinant, across northern France to the sea at Abbeville. It cut off the French and British armies in Belgium from their bases, resulted in Dunkirk, and led almost directly to the fall of France in June.

As chief of staff to Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt's Army Group A, von Manstein, then a mere major general, first saw the original plan on October 21, 1939, immediately after the victory in Poland. It called for the main effort by Field Marshal

MOVING?



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Fedor von Bock's Army Group B, fronting on northern Belgium with four armies of forty-three divisions, including nearly all the armor. Army Group A's role was to be the purely secondary one of covering von Bock's attack with two armies of twenty-two divisions. Von Manstein records that at first glance it looked to him like the Schlieffen Plan of pre-1914, because of the weight on the north flank for a sweep through Belgium. But the decisive part—the swing around to the west of Paris, then east to pin the French against their own frontier—was missing. The plan as it stood was a limited one to defeat, but not destroy, the British and French armies in Belgium, Holland, and northern France and to gain the Channel coast.

For ten days at the Koblenz headquarters of Army Group A, von Manstein formulated his alterations, turning the plan upside down, giving his own command unit the decisive mission, and setting as its object the annihilation of the entire Allied northern wing. Not surprisingly, he succeeded in converting his boss, von Rundstedt, and together they began an intensive campaign to persuade the Supreme Command to change the plan. Throughout November, December, and January there were memoranda, conferences, and map exercises, in the course of which Generals von Brauchitsch and Halder did consent to beef up Army Group A but still denied it the main task. On January 27, von Manstein was kicked upstairs to the command of the afore-mentioned XXXVIII Corps, probably because he was making such a nuisance of himself.

But meanwhile, someone close to Hitler had tipped him off about von Manstein's plan, and after a luncheon February 17 for new corps commanders—and a new division commander named Rommel—the Führer invited von Manstein to outline his views. Three days later, the essentials of the Manstein Plan were issued by Hitler as the final operation order.

ONE MAY, however, wonder what would have happened to the great German offensive if von Manstein had been chief of staff, not to von Rundstedt but to von Bock at Army Group B, which had the lion's share in the original plan. Army group commands are larcenous by nature, forever looking over their shoulders for roads, railway lines, supplies, sections of front, armies, corps, divisions, or juicy missions to steal from their neighbors. Indeed, I would go so far as to suggest that von Manstein's first reaction to the October, 1939, concept was not at all that it looked like the Schlieffen Plan or was limited in scope, but something like "This will make heroes out of those monkeys up at Army Group B while we run interference for them and get none of the credit. Now, how do we cut them down to size?" Cut them down to size he did, for when the attack went in, Army Group A had forty-five divisions, including seven of the ten armoreds, and Army Group B had thirty. At the height of the offensive, May 24, Army Group B controlled only twenty-one to Army Group A's seventy-one! It was a grand job of larceny.

Incidentally, neither Rommel nor von Manstein gives any indication of having noticed that the other was present at that historic luncheon on February 17.

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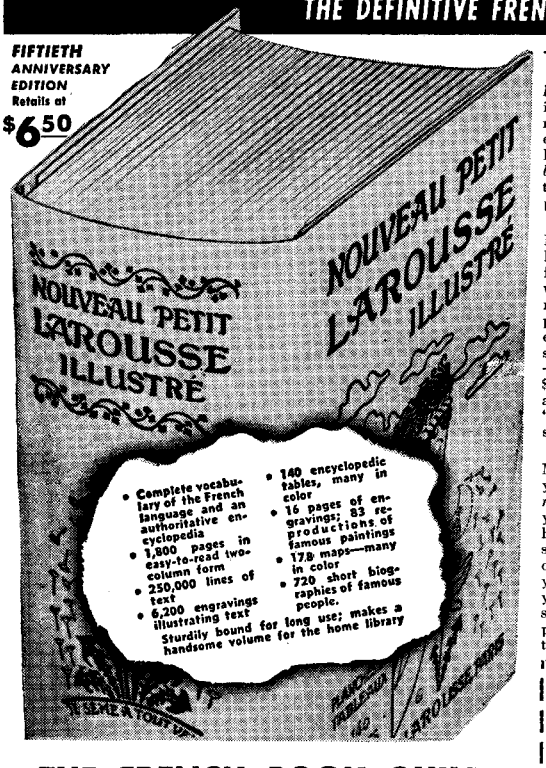
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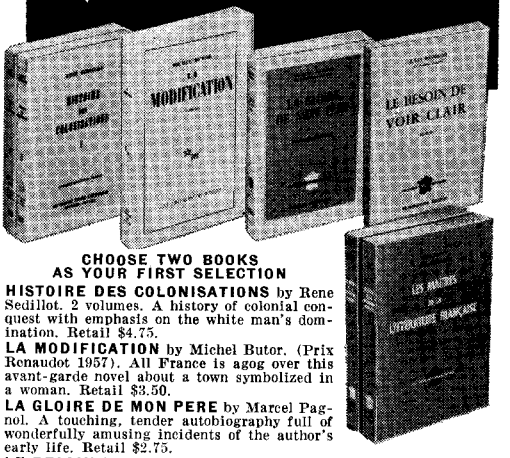

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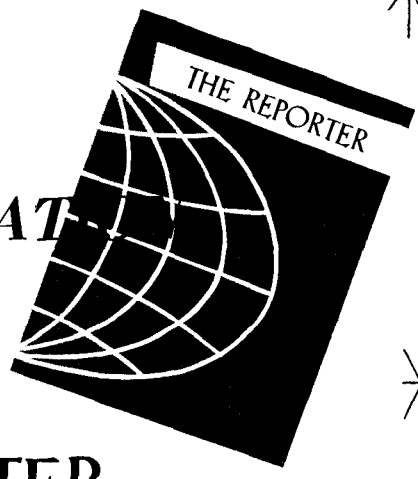

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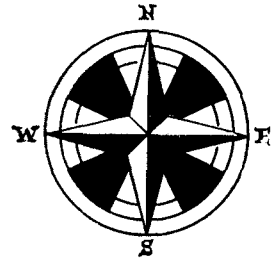

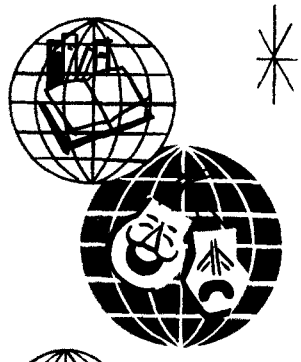

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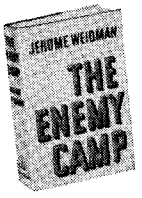

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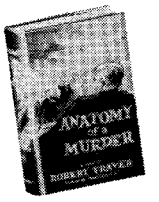

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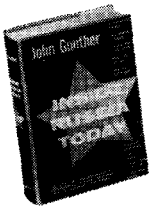

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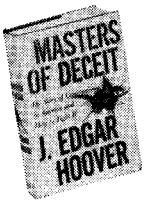

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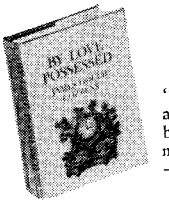

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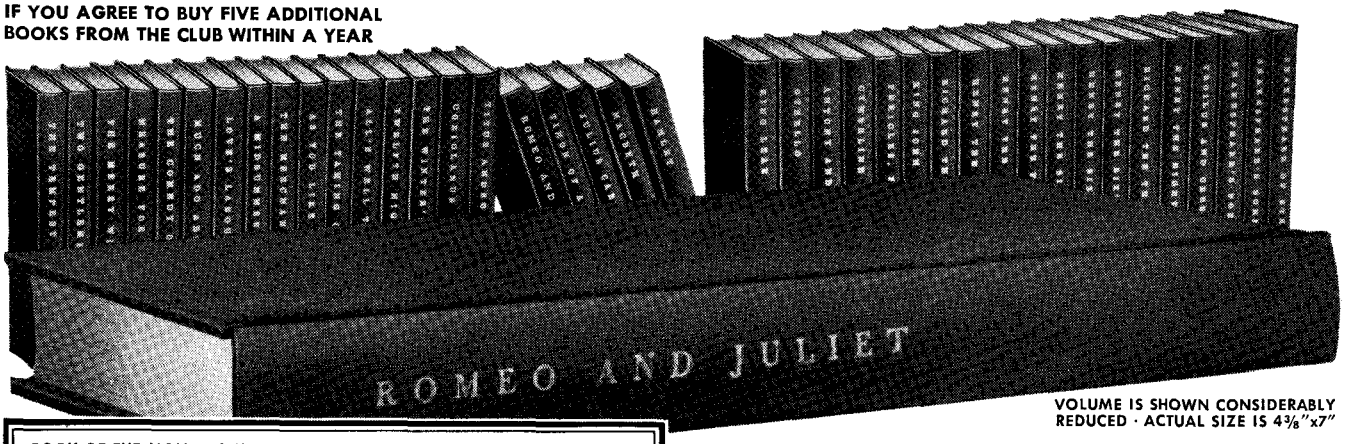

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